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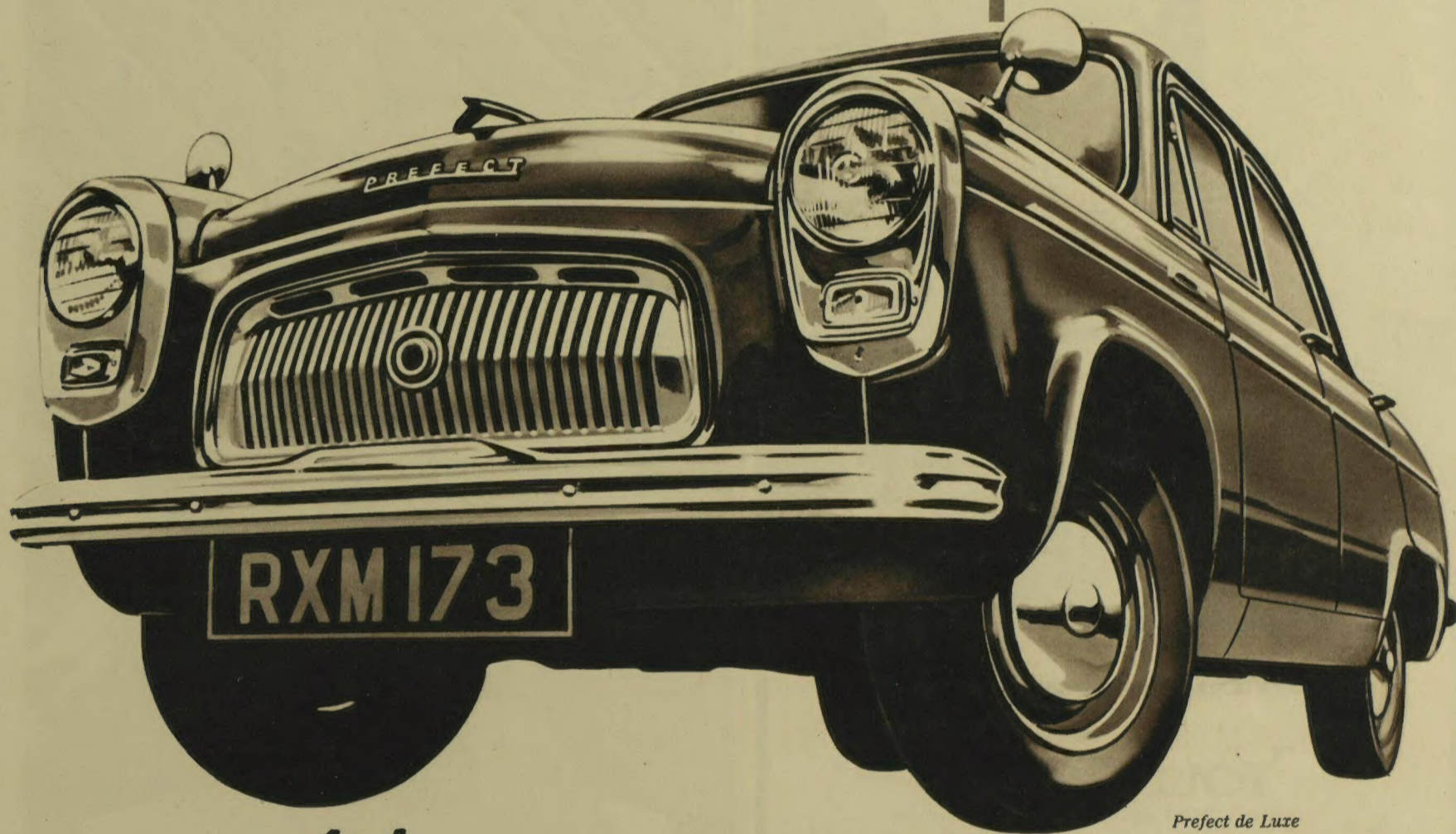
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The sheer skill comes from my craftsmen.
Now, to match the size and the shape of the
one in your hand I'd suggest . . .
let me see . . . Martini, straight, dry, cool!*

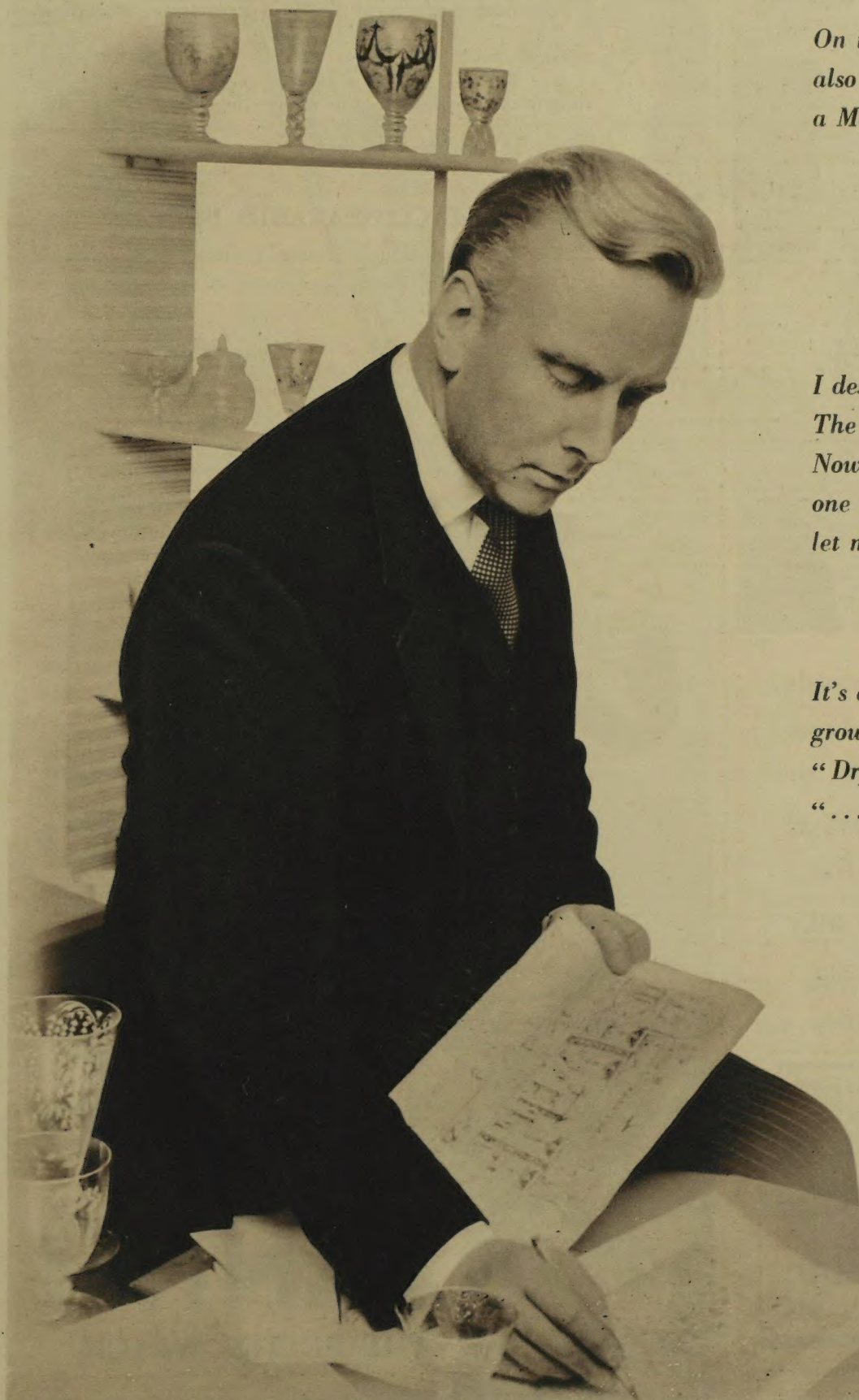
Just by itself? That's thought reading.

*It's a trend. Continental, no doubt. But it's
growing here, and I met it a lot in America.
"Dry Martini for you?" they'd say,
"...or a real Martini Dry, Lord Audley?"*

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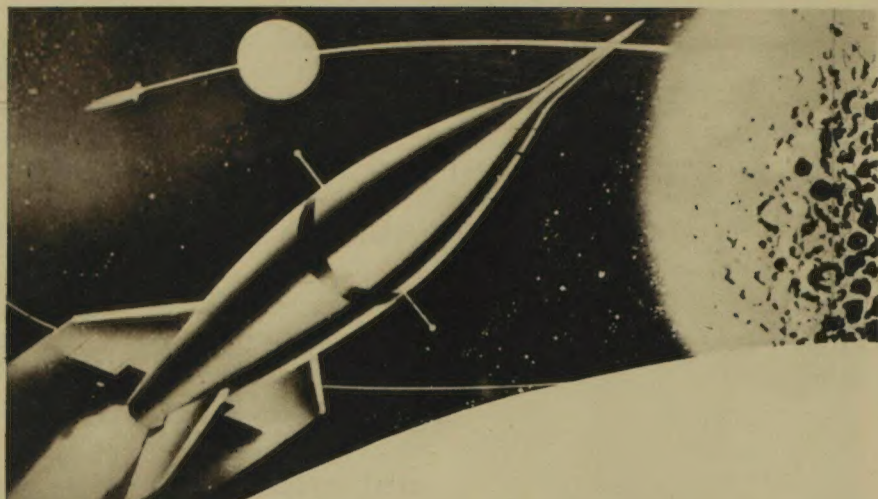
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ZENITH

THE BETTER WATCH



Of Dragons, Guns and Waterspouts . . .

IN MEDIEVAL TIMES sailors regarded waterspouts with great terror. The Chinese, and others, believed these were caused by the violent ascent and descent of dragons. The danger was real enough, for the wind in wild blasts near the waterspout could capsize small vessels carrying much sail. The standard practice for averting this danger was to discharge artillery into the clouds to frighten away the dragon.

Today, goods in transit on land, sea and in the

air are not held to be in great danger from dragons. But they are in danger of damage from rough handling and they do need sound protection—reliable packaging. Many leading manufacturers find “Fiberite” cases, and cartons made from “Thames Board”, more than adequate to safeguard their products and display them to advantage. These modern packaging materials are the products of many skills and experience unique in the industry.

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The intricate light patterns below
prove not only that it's quicker by power—that's
obvious, but also just *how much* quicker—and
easier—and that's really outstanding.



For this test 2 square feet
of metal panel was sanded
using emery paper.
TIME TAKEN—
20 minutes.

Same test using a Black &
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These time exposures were taken during a recent
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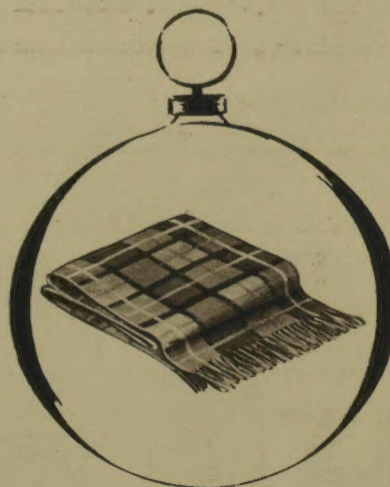


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Windcheater! The popular
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green, nigger, maroon
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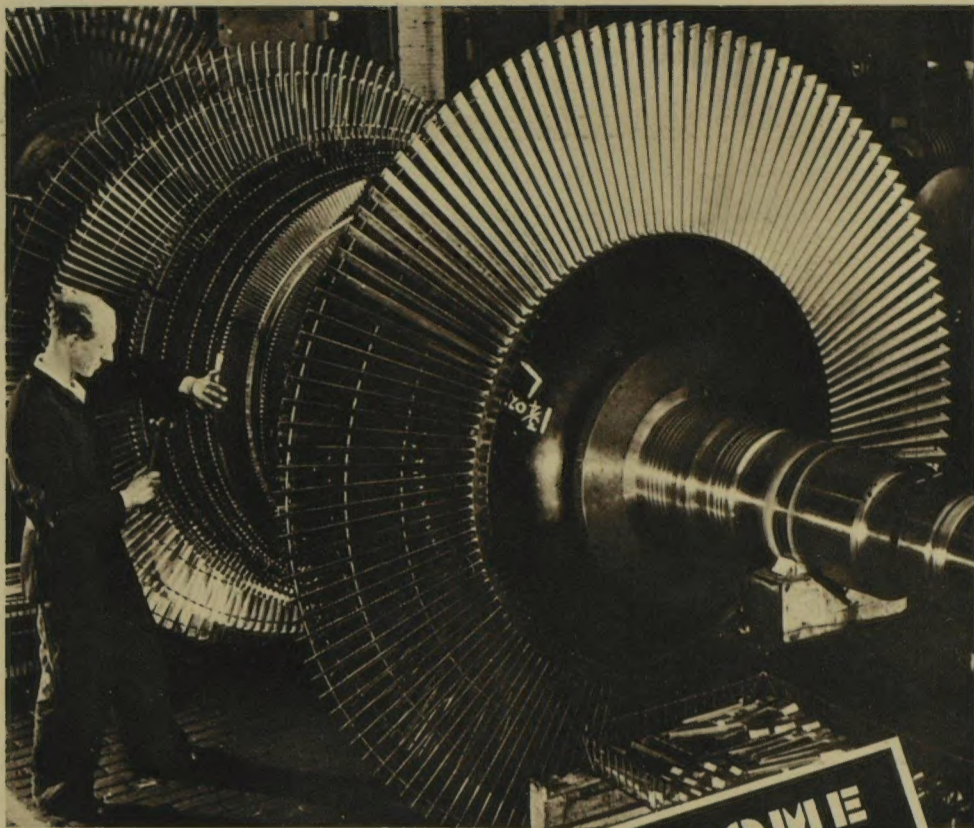
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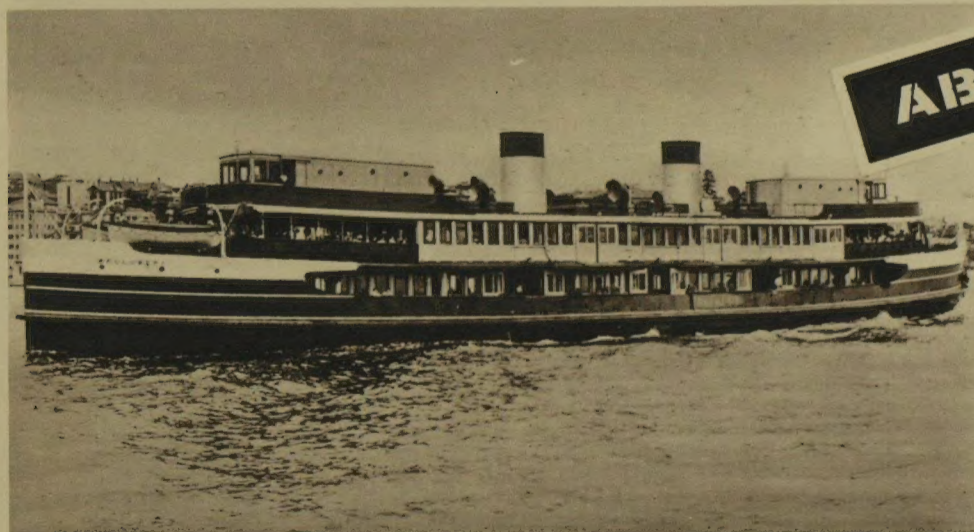
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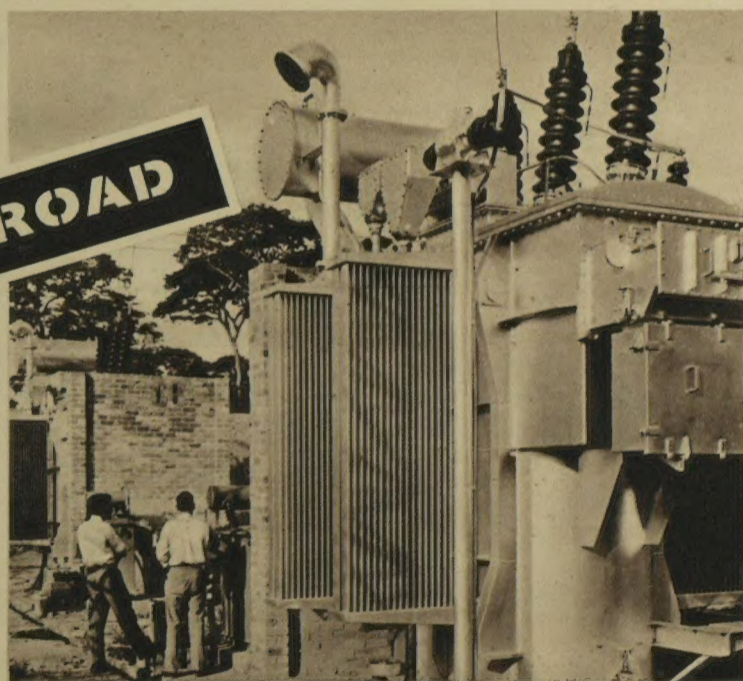
Power for Industry. Britain's industries need more and more electric power; to meet this demand, the Central Electricity Authority has already raised power output by 95% since 1948 and aims at doubling generating capacity again in the next ten years. Many new power stations are being built, and ENGLISH ELECTRIC is helping to provide their equipment. This picture shows shrouding being fitted to the impulse blading stage of the low-pressure shaft of one of many large ENGLISH ELECTRIC steam turbines on order for the C.E.A.



Power in Industry. ENGLISH ELECTRIC specializes in complete industrial electrification, including the supply of motors in types and sizes from fractional horsepower up to 40,000 h.p. Here is an ENGLISH ELECTRIC 15-h.p. vertical flameproof motor which drives a sump pump on the boiler plant at the Coryton Refinery of the Mobil Oil Co. Ltd.



On land and water—all over the world ENGLISH ELECTRIC diesel engines are providing dependable power for transport. Here in Australia is the *M.V. Bellubera* setting out from Circular Quay, Sydney, on its seven-mile run to Manly, a harbour-side suburb. The *Bellubera* is fitted with three ENGLISH ELECTRIC diesel-generator sets, each developing 470 b.h.p. at 600 r.p.m.



Central Africa. These two ENGLISH ELECTRIC 5-MVA 66/11-kV transformers have been installed at the Rhodesia Congo Border Power Corporation's Bancroft Substation. The Company has also supplied two 60-MVA 220/66/11-kV transformers to this Authority.

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THESE ARE challenging times for Britain. Great strides have been made since the war in rebuilding our economy. The problem is to *maintain* this progress.

From 1949 to 1955 our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our exports by 58%. British industry is busy, and actively developing—there are more jobs than workers. Our standard of living is high. But to ensure *still better living for Britain*, we need still higher production, still more activity in export markets. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

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In addition, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

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British steel leads the world

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1956.



THE AGONY OF A NATION WRITTEN ON THE FACES OF SMALL CHILDREN: TWO OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES FROM HUNGARY WHO HAVE BEEN RENDERED HOMELESS BY SOVIET ACTION IN THEIR COUNTRY.

As the Soviet forces of repression surged into Hungary thousands of refugees sought sanctuary in Austria. Among them were many small children, some with labels attached to their clothing bearing messages begging that care should be taken of them. This photograph, typical of many equally heart-breaking scenes, shows two of the innocent victims of one of the most tragic episodes in the history of the modern world.

At their feet are the few hastily-gathered possessions which they brought with them—while written on their faces is the agony of a great nation pitilessly brought to its knees by Soviet armoured might. Relief funds to aid Hungarian refugees have been set up in several parts of Britain. One of these is the British Red Cross Society's Hungarian relief fund, to which money may be sent at 14, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE difficulty about making democracy work is that the vast majority of men and women—those in whom, under a democracy, power nominally resides—are by the nature of their circumstances incapable of seeing large political issues in all their aspects. They can see, perhaps, one side of some given problem whose detailed facts are outside their own personal ken and see that very clearly, but they cannot see more than that side. Thus in the controversy that has been rocking the nation and world over the Middle East there were large numbers of people who could see quite clearly that the United Nations would, if made all-powerful, prevent the horror of war and that, therefore, to disregard or flout any decision of the United Nations would, by weakening it, bring the possibility of war nearer. As Britain and France, by intervening with immediate armed force in the Israeli-Egyptian imbroglio, acted without the sanction and even in defiance of the clearly-expressed wishes of the United Nations' majority, the two great civilised democratic Powers of Western Europe committed, such people argue, an appalling crime against the peace and morality of mankind. On the other hand, there were others who saw equally clearly that Britain, with her vast population, is economically and physically dependent on oil produced in the Arab countries of the Middle East and brought through the Suez Canal, and that to allow a military dictator who had publicly proclaimed his resolve, and who had been seeking, and was seeking by every means, to humiliate and weaken Britain could only be allowed to control the Suez Canal at the cost of bringing future economic disaster to this country and plunging millions of her people into unemployment and penury. Yet those who argued—and quite correctly—in this way overlooked the fact that Britain, a world trading Power, with a highly vulnerable and overcrowded industrial population, possessed an interest in world peace so great that it could ill afford, even for the sake of her most vital economic interest, to take any step that either outraged world opinion or precipitated a global war. The protagonists of both these contending viewpoints were in part right, yet both saw only part of the truth and so were wrong.

The fact is, this country has both a very strong interest in peace and human freedom and can only help to preserve either if she remains strong. For the past century-and-a-half—and more—she has played a part in preserving both peace and human freedom second to that of no other nation. Her stand against tyrannical passions and international lawlessness in the great martial upheaval that followed the French Revolution and the disciplined service of her Navy in the next hundred years gave Europe and the world the most peaceful and liberally progressive century this war-wrecked, tyrant-oppressed world has ever known. In 1914 and again in 1939 she showed herself prepared to make any sacrifice to preserve the rule of international law and to prevent the triumph of lawless and tyrannical will. Yet without the physical means of resisting aggression by force of arms, her noble intentions would have been unavailing. She could not have defied Hitler and have withstood his might by the kind of passive resistance that Pandit Nehru (whatever he may practise in Kashmir) advocates as the sole and infallible recipe for international goodwill and understanding, or by becoming the kind of neutral, second-class Power—a more populous Sweden or Switzerland—that so many of our well-meaning but unrealistic Intelligentsia have been preaching since the war that Britain should become in the new nuclear age of Russo-American supremacy. The Battle of Britain was not won—for Britain and the world—by passing high-sounding resolutions and affirming pious platitudes; it was won by men of action giving the service of trained and disciplined lives to making and handling the physical weapons by which the physical weapons of vile bullies could alone be defeated. The service of Britain to mankind has, by and large, been based on the old saying that "God helps those who help themselves." We have been patient—at times too patient—with aggressors or peace-breakers, but in the last resort when their threat to the liberty and peace of others has become too great we have thrown everything we possess into the physical task of restraining and defeating them. The world would be a far less free and peaceful one even than it is had it been otherwise.

What is the real truth—the balanced and complete truth, that is—about the Middle East situation? It is that the military ruler and dictator of Egypt has, ever since the internal revolution that brought him to power, been sedulously preaching that two evil things, as he describes them, must be driven out by force and threat of force from the Middle East. One is the State of Israel and the other is the last vestige of what he calls British Imperialistic Power. By the former he means the hard-working Jewish community that, driven out of Europe by the most cruel persecution in human annals, has been creating, through its labour, self-denying sacrifice and intelligence, a fruitful home in what has been allowed for many centuries to remain a near-barren wilderness. By the latter Nasser means the purchase and transport of the oil-fuel on which Britain, rightly or wrongly, has built

both her present domestic economy and her capacity to resist an aggressor in war. Nor has the Egyptian dictator confined himself to threats and boasts; he has persistently incited others to deeds that have already resulted in the death and maiming of hundreds of Israelite—and, since violence leads to violence, Jordan—citizens. His power to murder and to wage war has only been limited by the natural timidity and inefficiency of the unfortunate and, except when aroused by fanatics, gentle people he rules. His object has, therefore, been to unite under his rule not only the Egyptians but the far more warlike Arabs of the desert and Arabia proper and to lead them in a joint campaign against Israel and Britain, Israel's original creator and chief protector and guarantor.

A few years ago, because the inherently peace-loving and honourable man who is to-day Britain's Prime Minister wished to prove his country's goodwill and friendship towards Egypt and the new Arab nations Britain had liberated and created, Britain, disregarding the security of her own interests, withdrew her forces from the Suez Canal and relinquished her guardianship of the Sudan. In doing so she took an enormous risk, the risk, and indeed almost certainty, that unless Nasser reversed his policy and, as a result of this act of faith and goodwill, abandoned his openly-proclaimed intention of uniting the Arab world in a crusade against Israel and Britain's Middle East oil interests, a war, fatal to Israel's existence and to Britain's ability to defend both herself and international order, would break out in the near future. And in such a war Britain would either have to go to Israel's assistance—which she was, and is, morally bound to do—without the oil on which her ability to wage war depends and in the face of Russian intervention—or to allow Israel to be crushed and her people put to the sword and allow the Middle East to pass into the control not merely of Nasser but of the totalitarian and expansionist rulers of Eastern Europe and Northern Asia. No one saw this more clearly than the watchful men of the Kremlin, and when, a short while ago, Soviet Russia offered to supply arms to Egypt to wage future war against Israel, the pattern of events in the Middle East became unmistakably clear. Why

the British Government did not make this fact clearer at the time to the sheltered and complacent general public of this country and the United States I have never been wholly able to understand; the failure of modern Government to speak out simply and effectively is, after the vile dishonesty and brutality of the rulers of the Kremlin, the greatest of all existing threats to the survival of democracy in our age. But the decision and realism, and above all, the supreme moral courage, with which, when Israel precipitated the impending conflict, Sir Anthony Eden and the British Government acted—in the face of the unrealism and supineness of the United Nations' statesmen, of America and of the British public—redeemed, in the nick of time and at the eleventh hour, all the failures of omission shown by our post-war Governments. It prevented, and in the only possible way remaining, a war of racial annihilation and hatred as atrocious as that waged by Hitler against the Poles and Jews and as certain to plunge the world into conflict. And if out of the present crisis, the peace-loving nations, including ourselves and the United States, create at long last the wherewithal to render the United Nations' organisation something more than a talking and procrastinating machine, it will be due to the courage of an English statesman who was prepared to stake and dare everything—including the goodwill of those who shared his lifelong love of peace—to do what he knew could alone save his country and mankind from disaster.

THE STATUE OF FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS UNVEILED.



UNVEILED BY THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON NOVEMBER 7: THE STATUE OF FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS, SCULPTED BY SIR JACOB EPSTEIN, IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Speaker of the House of Commons, deputised for Sir Winston Churchill, who was prevented from attending by doctor's orders, and unveiled the statue of Field Marshal Smuts in Parliament Square, Westminster. The Field Marshal's daughter, Mrs. Bancroft Clark, and six of his grandchildren were among those who attended the ceremony, which took place in mild and sunny weather. The statue consists of a 10-ft. bronze figure, sculpted by Sir Jacob Epstein, standing on a 9-ft.-high plinth, faced with South African granite. At the beginning of his speech, Mr. Morrison read a message from Sir Winston, which reiterated words used by him in Parliament four years ago: Jan Smuts "did not belong to any single State or nation; he fought for his own country, he thought for the whole world."



THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: HER MAJESTY DRIVING TO WESTMINSTER IN THE IRISH STATE COACH, ACCOMPANIED BY PRINCESS MARGARET.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN KUALA LUMPUR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TALKING TO DANCERS IN THE GROUNDS OF KING'S HOUSE.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT; AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN KUALA LUMPUR.

On November 6 the Queen opened the new session of Parliament. For the first time in her reign the Queen was not accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is on his Commonwealth Tour. Instead, Princess Margaret drove with her Majesty to Westminster, sitting opposite her in the Irish State Coach which had a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry. The major legislative measures promised in the Queen's Speech are the Bill for the progressive abolition of rent control and the Homicide Bill. The Speech also referred to the Government's intention to put forward proposals for reforming the composition of the House of Lords. The Duke of

Edinburgh, who is due to open the Olympic Games in Melbourne on November 22, arrived in Malaya on October 30 for a two-day tour. On October 31 he visited Kuala Lumpur, where in the evening a State dinner was given in his honour by the High Commissioner, Sir Donald MacGillivray, at King's House. The Duke watched a performance of Malay, Indian and Chinese dances. It was learnt on November 8 that the Duke of Edinburgh had suggested that it might be advisable for him to return home in view of the international situation, but he had been informed that both the Queen and her Government were anxious that he should complete his tour as planned.



THE 1956 OLYMPIC GAMES: MELBOURNE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, SHOWING THE VENUES

The Olympic Games of 1956, the sixteenth Olympiad in the modern series, will be opened by the Duke of Edinburgh on November 22. The opening ceremony will take place at the main stadium, the Melbourne Cricket Ground, where many of the events of the next fifteen days will be taking place. During the afternoon the Olympic flame will be kindled at the stadium from a torch carried by the last of over 3000 different runners who will have brought it first of all from Olympia to the Greek coast, and following the journey by air,

from north Australia to Melbourne in the south. This giant relay along the Australian coast is 2750 miles long and will take the runners a total of about fifteen days. The 1956 Games are, in fact, the thirteenth in the series, as there were three cancellations during the two World Wars, and they are the first ever to be held in Australia, and the first to be held in the Southern Hemisphere, where incidentally summer is just beginning. The modern Olympic Games were founded by a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who first thought of

FOR THE MANY DIFFERENT CONTESTS IN THE FIRST OLYMPIAD EVER HELD IN AUSTRALIA.

the idea when the ruins of Olympia, the site of the ancient Greek Olympic Games, were being excavated, and who appreciated that these four-yearly competitions could help to foster international understanding and friendship. His idea met with immediate support, and the first Olympics in the modern series were held appropriately at Athens in 1896, two years after they were first officially discussed. This year there will be about 6000 of the world's best athletes competing, and up to 10,000 visitors are expected to visit Australia

for the occasion. The competitors are to be housed in the specially constructed Olympic Village, but many visitors will be offered accommodation in Melbourne homes, as there is not sufficient hotel accommodation in the city. Altogether about £44,000,000 is being spent on arenas, stadiums and accommodation. Half of this is being provided by the Federal Government and the other half by the State Government and the City Council. An unusual attraction will be a National Arts Festival of drama, music, ballet and art.



WEST BERLIN'S PROTEST AGAINST RUSSIAN ACTIONS IN HUNGARY: PART OF A HUGE CROWD OF 200,000 WHICH ATTENDED A MASS MEETING OUTSIDE THE WEST BERLIN CITY HALL ON NOVEMBER 5 AND WERE ADDRESSED BY HERR LERNER.



PART OF A HUGE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE RUSSIAN INTERVENTION IN HUNGARY, ORGANISED BY BELGIAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, IN THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS. IN LATER RIOTING 87 POLICE WERE INJURED.



PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH FILLED THE DAM, A LARGE OPEN SPACE IN AMSTERDAM, ON NOVEMBER 6, AT A PROTEST MEETING AND DEMONSTRATION AGAINST RUSSIAN ACTION IN HUNGARY.

The Russian Army's violent and savage intervention in the Hungarian Revolution has called out the indignant protests from nearly all nations of the world, and we show above some of the demonstrations, protest meetings and riots in European capitals. Perhaps the most violent was that at Paris. After a demonstration meeting at the Arc de Triomphe attended by about 10,000, a large group marched on the Communist headquarters in Paris, stormed the building and eventually set fire to it, while another crowd hurled

EUROPEAN REACTION TO RUSSIAN DEEDS IN HUNGARY: RIOTS AND PROTESTS.



A PROTEST MARCH OF STUDENTS FROM MANY ITALIAN CITIES CROSSING THE TIBER BY THE CASTEL SANT' ANGELO BRIDGE ON NOVEMBER 7. SOME OF THE STUDENTS HAD MARCHED 45 MILES FROM CIVITAVECCHIA.



FRANCE'S MOST VIOLENT REACTION AGAINST SOVIET INTERVENTION IN HUNGARY: PART OF THE CROWD WHICH STORMED THE COMMUNIST H.Q. IN PARIS, LOOTING THE BUILDING BEFORE SETTING FIRE TO IT ON NOV. 7.



PART OF A CROWD OF ABOUT 5000 WORKERS AND STUDENTS WHO DEMONSTRATED OUTSIDE THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN COPENHAGEN ON NOVEMBER 7, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

cobblestones against the offices of the Communist paper *L'Humanité*. Besides those illustrated, there were large-scale demonstrations in Berne, where a crowd of Swiss students rioted outside the Russian Embassy; in Lisbon 10,000 students were joined by 40,000 in a silent march of mourning sympathy; and there were violent demonstrations of protest in Stockholm, Oslo, Bonn and Barcelona, to mention only some of the expressions of the outrage which has been felt by the whole civilised world.

THE EGYPTIAN AND HUNGARIAN CRISES: REACTIONS AND ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED NATIONS.



AT THE EMERGENCY SESSION OF THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY OVER THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS ON NOVEMBER 4: THE SOVIET DELEGATE, MR. SOBOLEV (LEFT), TALKING TO MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD.



AT AN EARLY-MORNING MEETING OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL ON NOV. 4: THE UNITED STATES DELEGATE, MR. CABOT LODGE (RIGHT), CONDEMNS THE RUSSIAN ATTACK ON HUNGARY AS THE RUSSIAN AND U.K. DELEGATES LISTEN.



WALKING TO THE ROSTRUM TO INTRODUCE THE U.S. RESOLUTION FOR AN IMMEDIATE CEASE-FIRE IN EGYPT: MR. DULLES AT THE EMERGENCY SESSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY ON NOVEMBER 2. THE RESOLUTION WAS PASSED BY 64 VOTES TO 5.



THE ISRAELI DELEGATION AT THE UNITED NATIONS: THE CHIEF ISRAELI REPRESENTATIVE, MR. ABBA EBAN, CONFERRING WITH MEMBERS OF HIS DELEGATION DURING A DEBATE ON THE MIDDLE EAST CRISIS.



MAKING THE PROPOSAL FOR THE CREATION OF A U.N. POLICE FORCE TO RESTORE PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST: MR. LESTER PEARSON, THE CANADIAN MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS, SPEAKING ON NOVEMBER 3.



AN ANGLO-FRENCH DISCUSSION DURING THE NOVEMBER 3 EMERGENCY SESSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY: SIR PIERSON DIXON, THE U.K. DELEGATE (LEFT), AND M. LOUIS DE GUIRINGAUD, A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION.

The crisis caused by the Israeli attack on Egypt and the distress resulting from Russia's merciless attack on Hungary have caused consternation and great activity in the United Nations in New York. After the British and French veto at the Security Council on October 30, the United States delegate continued to press his resolution for an immediate cease-fire in Egypt. At the emergency session of the General Assembly on November 2, the United States' proposal was carried by a large majority, only Australia, France, Israel, New Zealand and the United Kingdom voting against it.

Meanwhile, the Canadian delegate, Mr. Lester Pearson, was making tentative proposals for the creation of a United Nations Police Force. This idea was accepted during a gruelling emergency session of the General Assembly on November 3. The renewal of the Hungarian crisis also occupied the United Nations. The Security Council met in the early hours of November 4. Russia (making her 79th use of the veto) rejected a United States proposal to halt the entry of Soviet troops into Hungary. That evening an emergency session of the General Assembly condemned the Soviet aggression.

THE PLEASURES OF A NOMADIC LIFE.

"FROM PILLAR TO POST." By ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS is a book (of its vivacity the reader is forewarned by its title) by a young American woman who married a Persian, whose activities, commercial or diplomatic, involved him and her in a nomadic life. Before I began perusal of it I casually skimmed through a series of quotations from reviews of an earlier book, "Persian Adventure." They were tremendously eulogistic: but then, books are hailed as masterpieces every week, by reviewers who forget enduring standards of comparison, and, even although amongst the people quoted, there are some whose judgment I respect, like Miss Freya Stark and the late Sir Ronald ("Ronnie") Storrs, I thought that I had better experience Mme. Mehdevi myself, rather than accept a second-hand opinion. I never saw "Persian Adventure," though I shall, on mere personal enjoyment bent, get it as quickly as I can. But when I had finished "From Pillar to Post" I returned to that menacing page of quotations and found that what other people said about Mme. Mehdevi's first book I find entirely applicable to the second. *The Times Literary Supplement*, not notable for undue enthusiasm, went off the deep end with "A book which is virtually faultless. . . . Enchanting to read. . . . A piece of literature in its own right. . . . In short, a little book of art." "Astonishingly good. . . . The language is beautifully clear and concise, the descriptions are excellent and there is a pervading sense of humour," remarked the *Tablet*. "So vivid, so human and obviously immediate. . . . Mrs. Mehdevi has a rare and cheerful gift of intimacy in her writing: her scenes come, as it were, straight out of the oven and are as light as a soufflé that has not had time to sink," observed Miss Freya Stark. And Mr. Stokes, the Socialist, who is always bracketed in my mind with those characters in my nursery pack of cards, Mr. Chips the Carpenter, and Mr. Bones the Butcher, is recorded as saying: "The most enchanting and vivid pen picture that I have ever read on life in Persia seen through the eyes of a foreigner." I don't see why I should concoct clichés of my own about this remarkable author's work when I can copy other people's. So all those comments on Mme. Mehdevi may stand as my own. This book gave me so continuously delightful a time as I read it that I can't help smiling whenever I think of it.

She arrests the reader's attention by her liveliness and ease from the very start. "Marrying," she begins, "a Persian named Mohamed seemed—in 1945 when it happened—about the most exotic and fanciful thing that could happen to me. . . . When luck threw Mohamed in my path, my imagination quickly festooned him with all the history, art, and romance which the name of his country conjured up. Though he wore a simple grey suit, just as everyone else did, I seemed to see him in a scarlet dhoti and turban; and though his face was his own, to me it looked like Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and Alexander of Macedon moulded into one." Nevertheless, she says, "I imagined my future as a normal suburban idyll, lifted out of the humdrum by the fact that my husband was a Persian, yet safe, sane and comfortable." A shady suburban garden, perhaps, with a book of verses, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and herself as the fourth idyllic accessory. Not a bit of it. No sooner had she thought that she had settled down (in Washington Square which, however old-fashioned, could hardly be called suburban) than her Darius-Khayyám, after dutifully sounding her, announced that he had got a transfer to Mexico. "Since that time, ten years ago, we haven't stopped moving, and the only suburbia I have yet known has been of my own patchwork making in unexpected corners of the world. . . . I have learnt to order servants about in

six different languages in as many different countries. My children were born in Mexico and Austria."

The book proper begins in a place extremely unlike the suburbs of New York, namely, Mazatlán, on the Mexican Pacific coast, a place "run down, tranquil, and unhurried"; where the old harbour is silted up with sand and where the doctor's waiting-room, which an expectant mother visited, "wasn't a waiting-room at all, but a patio with bright-coloured tiles and flitting green, blue and yellow parakeets" where she enjoyed trying to communicate with Dr. Lizarraga in sign language. She had intended to fly to Los Angeles for her confinement, but things happened surprisingly early. There was one decayed-looking hospital in the town and she walked thither. "When I arrived at the hospital, I couldn't find the bell in the dim light. I tried the door. It was open, so I stepped inside. In the low-ceilinged, unlighted interior I looked around for some familiar sight—a nurse, or a desk, even a registration book—to assure me this was a hospital. Through a doorway, I could see a rectangular patio, crowded with vines and papaya trees, and cut by a diagonal

announced suddenly, with a shrug: "The baby has been stolen." Another added: "It's of no importance. He didn't count for anything. He was ugly."

Patient and nurses were evidently on charming terms. But there was solicitude behind the smiles of the nuns. "Beneath their fun I could see perplexity and sadness in their eyes as the day wore on. I realised finally that it was because no visitors came. I told them I knew no one except the vice-consul, who was out of town, but they either didn't or couldn't understand. When evening came and I still had no visitors, the Mother Superior brought in an armful of red blossoms from the patio. As she placed them in a vase she said wistfully: 'These flowers are called *amor de hombre*—the love of man. In the morning they are white, at noon they are pink, at evening they are red. But to-morrow they are dead.'" Next morning the elegiac note faded. A large bunch of bougainvillaea and jasmine arrived from the American Consulate. They had got in touch with the father, absent on duty. The sisters ran forward, pushing the bouquet before them. "The *madrecitas* were portioning the flowers among several vases, careful not to lose even a leaf. Sister Celestina patted my head and said: 'See, child, we will put them in many vases. Then everyone will think many people send flowers, isn't that true?'"

I have deliberately quoted from one episode only, because only thus could I indicate the author's qualities. Had I reeled off a summary of these endless home-makings on the run, I could have given nothing but a list of names and places, never even indicating the author's powers of sketching people and scenes, her sentiment or wit. In Vienna she took a wrong train and found herself in a Russian Zone without a pass: Siberia faced her, but she coped. In Majorca there were all sorts of troubles about sanitation and the

police: but she coped. And the children, dispersedly born, grew up. The ugly dispensable one of Mazatlán developed into a sturdy imp, as a healthy boy should.

And always in the background there is Darius-Xerxes in his grey suit. Charles II paid a very great tribute to one of his servants when he said, "Sidney Godolphin is never in the way and never out of the way." This is how Monsieur Mehdevi appears in this book. He is usually in the background, but rises to the occasion when he is needed; always attentive and, I dare say, quietly amused.

I wish this couple could spend a year in England, partly in London and partly in the countryside. Mme. Mehdevi has a remarkable talent for being comic about characters and customs without being unkind: we can offer her fresh woods and pastures new.

How graphic her writing is I can easily indicate. I read her book twice, with a fortnight's interval between the two readings. When I opened her book the second time I said aloud to myself: "Good Lord, I could have sworn it was illustrated!" It isn't: she in words is her own illustrator.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 864 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MME. ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI. Mme. Mehdevi was born in Manila and grew up in Kansas, Missouri. She graduated from the University of Rochester, in New York, and has done much work in advertising and journalism, most notably as a research worker on *Newsweek* from 1944-1946. In 1945 she married a Persian. Mme. Mehdevi has written another book called "Persian Adventure."



"CHARITY IN THE CELLAR," BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764): IN THE CURRENT "RECENT ACQUISITIONS XI" EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S. Signed "W. Hogarth pinxt." (Oil on canvas; 40 by 50 ins.)

Recent cleaning has revealed Hogarth's signature and the initials "H F C" for Hell Fire Club on the box of the lower left of this interesting picture. The central group of figures shows Sir Philip Hoby, in the centre, surrounded by (l. to r.) Lord Sandwich, Mr. de Grey and Lord Cavendish—all members of the notorious Hell Fire Club—while Lord Galway lies prostrate on the left, with wine dripping from a barrel into his open mouth. This group repeats the statue in the background of Charity suckling her children. The painting was engraved by Cheeseman in 1790, but this print has not been found. Further works from Messrs. Tooth's exhibition are reproduced on page 863.

stone path. I was afraid I had stumbled into someone's home until a nun appeared at the far side of the patio. She was dressed in a light-blue habit with a high collar and floor-length skirts, and she had a mop in one hand and a bucket in the other. As soon as she saw me, she set her paraphernalia down and approached tentatively along the pathway. She stopped a few feet away from me, and we stood facing each other with hesitant smiles. I expected her to speak first and she must have expected the same of me. At last I felt I had to speak. I explained that I was an American señora, a *cliente* of *el doctor* Lizarraga, and I was going to have a *bébé*.

"Now?" she asked.

"I think yes," I said.

The subsequent proceedings are described vividly but always delicately, humorously but never flippantly, tenderly but never gushingly. There were little jokes with the sisters. When the baby had first been shown to the mother "He looked like a wriggling India-rubber doll, with a swollen stomach and toothpick arms and legs. And he was smeared all over with oil from a big bottle labelled *Aceite de la Cocina*, Kitchen Oil"—and she had inadvertently exclaimed that he was ugly. This led to gentle teasing from the nuns. One of them peeped under the mosquito net and

* "From Pillar to Post." By Anne Sinclair Mehdevi. (Gollancz; 16s.)

THE FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE; AND NEWS FROM FIVE COUNTRIES.



THE SMOULDERING AIRLINER IN WHICH SEVEN DIED AND 73 ESCAPED ALIVE : THE WRECKAGE OF THE HERMES, NEAR BLACKBUSHE ON NOV. 5.

On the night of November 5, a *Hermes* aircraft carrying servicemen and their families from Tripoli crashed when coming in to land at Blackbushe. Three members of the crew and four children were killed, but the remainder of the complement of eighty all escaped alive.



A CAREFULLY ORGANISED DEMONSTRATION IN MOSCOW OUTSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY. SIMILAR DEMONSTRATIONS WERE STAGED OUTSIDE THE FRENCH AND ISRAELI EMBASSIES.

On Nov. 5 a crowd of about 1000, waving flags and "Hands off Egypt" placards demonstrated outside the British Embassy in Moscow, under the supervision of squads of militiamen. Similar demonstrations, which are believed unique in Moscow, took place outside the French and Israeli Embassies.



IN THE EMPIRE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE : A CROSS COMMEMORATING THE FALLEN IN CYPRUS (RIGHT CENTRE).



AT THE FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE: SIR IAN FRASER PRESENTING MAJOR J. T. SPINKS TO H.M. THE QUEEN. On November 10 the Queen attended the British Legion's Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall in London. She was accompanied by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.



IN HOSPITAL IN CYPRUS: LIEUT. "SANDY" CAVENAGH, AN ARMY DOCTOR INJURED BY AN A.-A. SHELL AT PORT SAID. Lieut. "Sandy" Cavenagh, an Army doctor dropped in Port Said on November 5, was partly blinded in one eye by A.-A. fire but worked for more than six hours in a casualty clearing station.



THE CHIEF REBEL LEADER IN THE AURES, ALGERIA, ADJOUL ADJOUL (THIRD FROM RIGHT), WHO SURRENDERED TO THE FRENCH WITH HIS FATHER (LEFT) AND SONS. It was announced in Algiers on November 4 that the chief rebel leader in the Aures, a mountainous district in Algeria, had surrendered to the French saying that he considered this his duty as "everything had fallen into ruin" and to prolong the fight would bring no benefit.



THE FIRST TROOPS OF THE UNITED NATIONS POLICE FORCE : ADVANCE TROOPS OF THE DANISH CONTINGENT LINED UP AT NAPLES ON NOV. 11. The staging area for the first troops of the United Nations Police Force for Suez was Capodichino airport, near Naples; and the first contingents to reach it were Danish and Norwegians. Indian, Canadian and Swedish troops were expected.



AS THE SOVIET TANKS ADVANCED ON BUDAPEST: HUNGARIANS PUTTING CHARGES OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE ACROSS A ROAD BENEATH UPTURNED SOUP PLATES DURING THE OCCUPATION OF THE CAPITAL.



AFTER THE RUSSIAN SHELLING OF NOVEMBER 4 TO 8: RAKOCZY STREET LITTERED WITH MASONRY AFTER A HUNGARIAN BARRICADE HAD BEEN BLASTED BY THE SOVIET FORCES.



AS THE SOVIET ARMoured MIGHT APPROACHED: HUNGARIANS WRENCHING UP STONES FROM THE STREET TO BUILD BARRICADES BEHIND FELLED LAMP-POSTS TO SLOW THE PROGRESS OF THE RUSSIAN TANKS.



IN A BUDAPEST BUILDING: HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS WAITING FOR THE TANK FIRE TO CEASE BEFORE ATTACKING THE FOLLOWING SOVIET INFANTRY DURING THE ASSAULT ON THE CITY ON NOVEMBER 4.



AFTER THE RUSSIANS STORMED BUDAPEST: PEOPLE QUEUEING UP FOR FOOD. THEY FREQUENTLY HAD TO TAKE SHELTER FROM GUN FIRE.



DURING THEIR TEMPORARY LIBERATION: JUBILANT HUNGARIANS RAISING THEIR NATIONAL FLAG OVER A CAPTURED SOVIET TANK.

At the time of writing, a week after the Soviet forces swept into Hungary and started their ruthless programme of suppression which they boasted had crushed all resistance, there are still reports of fighting. The spirit of the Hungarians is unbroken and the nation is united by the blood which has flown and by their deep hatred of the Soviet oppressors. During the dreadful days after November 4, when the Russians attacked, all the reports from Hungary told of the merciless destruction by the Red Army and of the well-nigh incredible resistance and nobility of a great nation. The world,

to whom the Hungarians had appealed so movingly during the final hours of the rising, stood by helpless to do anything but send medical and other supplies. Refugees from Hungary told of the bitter fighting in the streets as the nation fought for its freedom and of how the Soviet armed might stopped at nothing as it carried out its programme of ruthless suppression. On November 11 the puppet Government of Mr. Janos Kadar launched a desperate campaign to ingratiate itself with the hostile population. After the bloody battles of last week, the people now face hunger and disease.

GALLANT HUNGARY: ASPECTS OF A NATION'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.



VIA THE ISAR TO THE DANUBE: A MEMORIAL WREATH BEING LOWERED INTO THE RIVER IN MUNICH BY A GROUP OF HUNGARIANS.



THE MOMENT OF FREEDOM: THE HATED RED STAR AND TOP STONE OF THE SOVIET WAR MEMORIAL IN BUDAPEST BEING PULLED TO THE GROUND.



DEALING WITH THE HATED SECRET POLICE: HUNGARIANS SENDING GAS INTO THE SEWERS WHERE MEMBERS OF THE A.V.H. WERE HIDING.

While many photographs came out of Hungary during the period of its struggle for freedom the Iron Curtain was lowered with the arrival of the Soviet armed forces, and for accounts of the Soviet systematic crushing of the country the world has had to rely largely on accounts of witnesses and refugees who have been able to make their way out of Hungary, and on the last despairing radio messages. Eye-witness accounts of the chaos and suffering in Budapest were brought to Vienna on November 11 by over a hundred people from the West, mostly journalists, who had been allowed



AT A HUNGARIAN FRONTIER STATION: A HUNGARIAN PREPARING TO HURL A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL AT THE ADVANCING RUSSIANS.

to cross into Austria. One member of the party said that in addition to 20,000 Hungarians estimated to have died in the Budapest fighting over 4000 Russian soldiers were thought to have lost their lives. It was estimated that about 130 Soviet tanks had been destroyed by Hungarians in Budapest. All spoke of the disastrous lack of food and medicines and said that corpses were still lying in the streets and that there was a grave danger of epidemics. The first convoy of Red Cross vehicles was allowed to cross into Hungary from Austria on November 11.

"SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS"—MODERN STYLE: ISRAEL'S SINAI BOOTY.



AN EGYPTIAN SELF-PROPELLED GUN, APPARENTLY RUSSIAN-MADE AND ON A T34 CHASSIS, WITH OTHER TRANSPORT KNOCKED OUT BY ISRAELI FORCES NEAR THE CENTRAL ROAD IN THE PENINSULA.



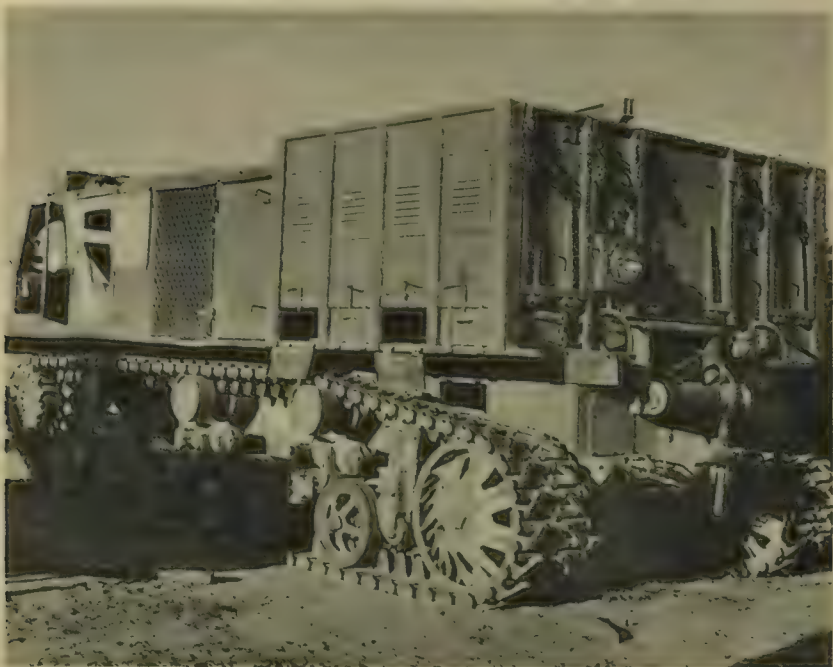
ASSORTED TANKS, TANK-DESTROYERS AND SELF-PROPELLED GUNS, CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF EL ARISH AND NOW PART OF ISRAEL'S HUGE BATTLE BOOTY. STOCKS OF SPARES WERE ALSO CAPTURED.



WITH ONE OF THEM STILL FLYING THE WHITE FLAG WHICH ANNOUNCED ITS SURRENDER: TWO EGYPTIAN SHERMAN TANKS CAPTURED IN SINAI.



MOTOR TRANSPORT OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY SHOT-UP BY THE ISRAELI AIR FORCES ALONG THE IRON MATTING ROAD IN THE SINAI PENINSULA.



A HEAVILY ARMoured TRACKED VEHICLE, OF SOME SPECIALISED PURPOSE, WHICH WAS CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS FROM THE EGYPTIANS AT EL ARISH.



A RUSSIAN-BUILT HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY TRUCK AND GUN, CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS AND BEARING THEIR MARK, A HASTILY-PAINTED "X," AFTER CAPTURE.

The immense booty taken by the Israeli Army during their swift and completely successful campaign in the Gaza Strip and Sinai Peninsula has given a modern validity to the biblical phrase of "spoiling the Egyptians." A number of fantastic estimates have been circulated, but at the date of writing, an authoritative Israeli observer giving a conservative estimate, and emphasising that these were round figures before any detailed count could be made, gave the following figures: about 100 tanks, including self-propelled guns, nearly half of which were Russian T34s; about 700 assorted vehicles in good

condition, including Russian jeeps, infantry carriers and trucks; between 150 and 250 guns of various types, from light A.-A. to heavy artillery, and including many 25-pounders; "enormous quantities" of military equipment of all kinds, including stocks of spares; and a vast amount of food, clothing and other stores of a non-fighting nature. These figures are of especial interest in view of the quantities of military stores supplied by Russia to Egypt, as recently revealed by the British authorities; and throw considerable light on Egyptian intentions in the Near East.

THE SINAI CAMPAIGN: PRISONERS, BOOTY, AND THE LAST ENGAGEMENT.



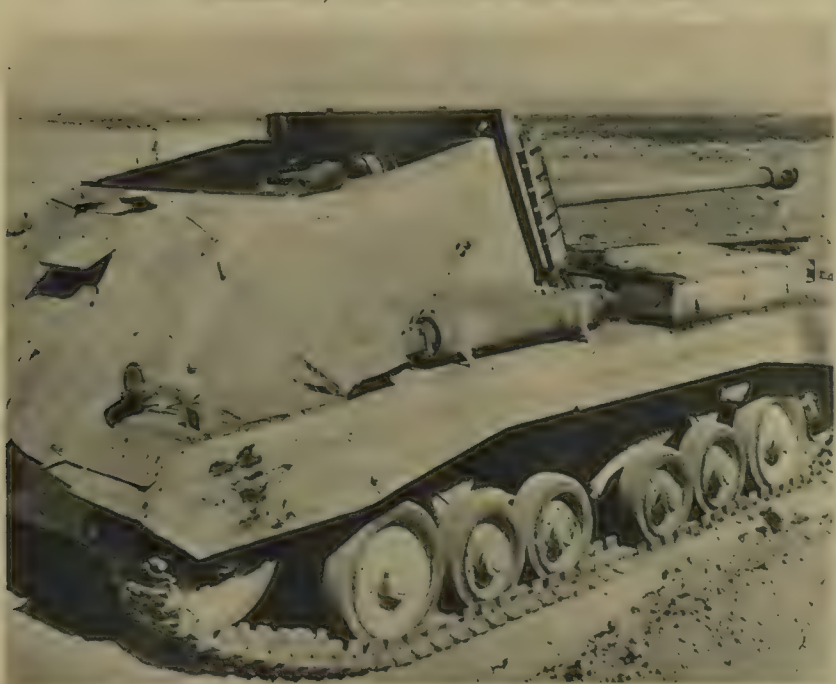
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF GAZA ON NOVEMBER 2: ARMoured UNITS OF THE ISRAELI ARMY, SEEN AFTER THEIR VICTORY IN THE STREETS OF THE TOWN, WHICH MADE LITTLE RESISTANCE.



INSPECTING THE BATTLEFIELD: MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ISRAELI ARMY WITH PRESS CORRESPONDENTS EXAMINING AND PHOTOGRAPHING A DUG-IN SELF-PROPELLED GUN NEAR EL ARISH.



PRISONERS OF THE ARMY OF ISRAEL: A GROUP OF EGYPTIAN TROOPS CAPTURED AT SHARM EL SHEIKH, AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE SINAI PENINSULA, OPPOSITE THE ISLAND OF TIRAN.



BOOTY FROM THE FIGHTING NEAR EL ARISH: A SELF-PROPELLED GUN, DESCRIBED AS A TANK-DESTROYER, WHICH HAD BEEN DUG-IN AND USED AS ARTILLERY BY THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS.

Early on November 5 an Egyptian outpost at Sharm el Sheikh, near the southern tip of Sinai and opposite the island of Tiran, was captured by the Israelis after a brief resistance; and this engagement probably marked the end of the campaign in the Sinai Peninsula. Indeed, on November 6 an Israeli military spokesman announced that all was quiet on all sectors. General Moshe Dayan, the Israel C.-in-C., who had been present at the Sharm el Sheikh engagement and had returned to Tel-Aviv, exhibited the Egyptian flag captured



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ISRAELI ARMY, MAJOR-GENERAL MOSHE DAYAN (WITH EYE-PATCH), WITH VICTORIOUS TROOPS AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF SINAI, AFTER THE CAMPAIGN'S LAST ENGAGEMENT.

there as the last one to be captured in the campaign; and he stated, "We planned to finish the campaign in six days and we finished it in six days." Some *Fedayeen* activity in Israel was, however, reported as taking place. The Israeli casualties in the Sinai and Gaza fighting were announced the same day and amounted to 150 killed, 700 wounded and 20 prisoners. The booty taken during the campaign was enormous, and some description of its scope and quantity, with some illustrations of it, is given on another page.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

DELAYED ACTION IN EGYPT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

PREVIOUS articles about the Suez Canal crisis on this page have adhered closely to one theme. This has been that the so-called nationalisation of the Canal by Colonel Nasser last July justified the strongest possible reaction by Britain and France, and that serious risks of various kinds would be run if this were unduly postponed. There has been no qualification of that view as days, weeks and months have gone by. There is none now. On the contrary, all that has passed since the two Powers first concentrated military strength in the Mediterranean has served to confirm it. Whatever opinion readers may hold of the armed intervention which has finally taken place, they are unlikely to deny that it could have been more easily set on foot nearly three months earlier.

It has been said that the British Government, the predominant partner, was prevented from taking action by "public opinion." This statement has been made repeatedly and in high quarters. No evidence in its favour has been advanced. If by public opinion is meant home opinion, there is no evidence, though party differences were violent. There is, however, plenty of evidence to show that the two Governments yielded to the objections of the United States. Ironically enough—but on consideration also naturally—there are now signs that at least a great body of American opinion would have regarded early action more sympathetically than is the case to-day. The fortuitous complication

disciplined emotion it amounts to a danger in itself. There are occasions when the quick use of armed forces as fire brigades may avert worse evils, and when abstention from it may be perilous.

This crisis arose at a time when the United States was absorbed in the Presidential Election, when it was impossible to take any forcible action not directly threatening the safety of the nation without summoning Congress, and when the summoning of Congress was almost out of the question. It would, however, be an error to attribute the attitude of the United States entirely to the election. Prosperity, absorption in business, the development of mighty resources still untapped; have brought about a change in the United States under the Presidency of Mr. Eisenhower. Peace, that used to be a hope, is becoming an assumption. American alliances, above all that with Britain, remain the keystone of peace and the safety of the world. They must be preserved. But Britain cannot consent to be a mere dangle behind American leadership in all circumstances.

The view taken in the successive articles appearing here on the Suez Canal crisis has been that forcible action was justified. At the same

and leave them exposed to all the force the Egyptians could muster, without the support of bombing or, indeed, even with its aid. But a coast landing led by airborne forces is a different matter. Is it possible that our tactics overrated the Egyptians grossly? It is true they had modern aircraft and tanks, but their experience of them was very limited. Would a surprise landing with all available air cover and simultaneous bombing have been adequate? Let it be repeated that this is a question, not a criticism. But if the lengthy preliminary bombing was a necessity the reasons should have been made clear at home directly it started.

At the moment of writing, the way seems clearer for United Nations' policing. A satisfactory scheme will be welcome. It must, however, take some little time even to draw up and more to put into operation. Meanwhile British and French, who are on the spot, must remain, whatever the resolutions to the contrary in any quarter. More than that, Britain and France will make the gravest mistake if they flinch now. This would be not only to throw away the fruit of their action but to admit that they had been in the wrong. The Canal traffic must be restored as quickly as possible. Equally important, the Canal must remain free. The struggle between Egypt and Israel must be brought to a close. At long last the question of Middle Eastern frontiers must be resolutely tackled.



A HISTORIC AIRBORNE DROP AT DAWN ON NOVEMBER 5: BRITISH TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT LAND ON GAMIL AIRFIELD, FIVE MILES WEST OF PORT SAID. After several days of bombing by British and French aircraft of Egyptian airfields and military targets, British airborne troops dropped at dawn on November 5 and captured Gamil airfield, which had been one of those bombed. Meanwhile, French paratroops seized two bridges spanning the Canal waters south of Port Said. Captain Falls discusses these actions and the subsequent cease-fire in his article on this page. [Photograph by British Movietone News.]

that a ghastly tragedy has meanwhile been enacted in Hungary has added to the perturbation created by the very name of force.

The two Governments have even been accused of collusion with Israel in bringing about a situation which would afford a justification for the use of force in Egypt. This accusation has been widely made in the United States and not withdrawn. It was made in the heat of party passion in this country at the beginning of the operations, but has now apparently been dropped. The charge that Israel's invasion of Egypt afforded no justification for armed intervention by Britain and France has, however, been maintained. Yet this invasion might have led to a prolonged and ferocious war on the banks of the Canal itself, a war in which the evil consequences to the waterway and its navigation would have been far greater than any which have emerged from the Anglo-French action. It is also possible that we should have now been watching a major war between Israel and all the Arab States.

The great and almost unexampled division of the world into opposing camps and the overhanging spectre of the hydrogen bomb have exercised a profound effect upon the nations—though less, recent events seem to show, on the Communist States than on the free. With the latter it has been a case of something near paralysis of will when conflicts of ideals or interests have brought up the least hint of force. This shrinking from force is natural, and justified when reasoned. When it becomes a vague and un-

time they have indicated that the delay in taking it has been a misfortune, because it has allowed the unreasoned emotion described above to develop and the development has been cleverly encouraged by those opposed to any action. Their scruples are not unworthy, though their methods often have been. Let us for a moment leave political and moral considerations and turn to military. How far can the form of the action taken be described as suitable?

The comments which follow are in the nature of a question rather than of a judgment. The latter would be sheer presumption in view of the excellence of the military advice available. We have a first-class C.I.G.S. and have provided a first-class Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean. The first step since the landing has been that foretold in appreciations written here and elsewhere, the isolation of Port Said. These appreciations did not, however, take into account the prolonged bombing which preceded the action of the airborne forces. The psychological effect in this country was bad and readily exploited by prejudice. In a letter to *The Times* before the paratroops were dropped Group Captain George Houghton wrote: "The British people expected paratroopers to seize key points on the Suez Canal. If the Egyptians fired on our men there would be a battle." He ended by saying that the bombing might well have been necessary, but, if so, should have been explained.

He is surely wrong in supposing that it would have been feasible to drop airborne troops—not numerous nowadays—in isolation along the Canal

The cease-fire came some twenty-four hours sooner than expected and before allied forces had been established throughout the length of the Canal, as had certainly been the original intention. This has been attributed to the angry and arrogant message from Russia. If the British Government, urged thereto by the United States, decided that it was not worth the risk to go on and finish a job already accomplished in essence, it can scarcely be blamed. Only Governments can assess the risks involved, though few can believe that Russia would precipitate a war over the Suez Canal. It may, however, turn out that the halt has delayed the removal of blockships and the restoration of traffic. In that sense the cease-fire may prove to have been premature.

History has been made. For many years to come the events which have unrolled before our eyes will be the subject of debate. It would be fruitless to anticipate the verdict, which may be no more definite, no more a subject of general agreement, than that on the subject, let us say, of Don Pacifico in 1850. It is the belief of the writer of this article that the action taken by Britain and France has been justifiable and that any weakness shown by the British Government has been hesitation and procrastination due to a desire to keep in step with the United States, an object laudable in itself but carried beyond due bounds. It is his hope that this will one day be widely recognised in the United States. Even more earnestly still does he hope that the measure of success won will not be dissipated.

THE SUEZ CANAL BLOCKED: SHIPS SUNK IN THE PORT SAID AREA BY THE EGYPTIANS.



BEGINNING THE TASK OF CLEARING THE CANAL ENTRANCE: SMALL CRAFT WITH R.N. SALVAGE TEAMS ABOARD ALONGSIDE TWO OF THE SUNKEN SHIPS.

(Above.)
OBSTRUCTING THE PASSAGE OF SHIPS INTO PORT SAID HARBOUR: TWO OF THE SHIPS SUNK BY THE EGYPTIANS TO BLOCK THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUEZ CANAL.

AFTER a number of indefinite reports it has now become certain that the Egyptians have made a thorough job of blocking the entrance into the Suez Canal through Port Said Harbour. A naval salvage survey has revealed at least twenty wrecks—seven of them completely submerged—between the central mole and the Abbas Hilmai basin. It is now certain that it will take a considerable time to clear a passage. Total clearance of the waterway may take many months. The Royal Navy salvage team, which arrived soon after the occupation of Port Said, quickly set to work to clear a narrow channel for the use of landing craft and of small vessels carrying supplies for the troops. At the time of writing, a fleet of some thirty salvage ships commissioned by the Admiralty was reported to be on the way to Port Said. Few facts are known about obstructions further down the Canal, except for the blockship sunk in Lake Timsah and the destruction of the bridge at El Firdan.

(Right.)
SHOWING THE WATER SWIRLING ROUND SOME OF THE SUBMERGED AND HALF-SUBMERGED SHIPS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR.



POSING A TREMENDOUS PROBLEM FOR SALVAGE EXPERTS: SOME OF THE SUBMERGED SHIPS SEEN FROM THE WATER-LEVEL.



ANOTHER OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY SHIPS SUNK BY THE EGYPTIANS IN PORT SAID HARBOUR: APPARENTLY NO EGYPTIAN VESSELS WERE SACRIFICED.



(Above.) ON AN EGYPTIAN AIRFIELD CAPTURED BY BRITISH AIRBORNE TROOPS - SURROUNDED BY SUPPLY CONTAINERS, TWO PARATROOPERS RELAX IN THEIR DUG-OUT.

At dawn on November 5 units of the 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, dropped on Gamil airfield, some five miles west of Port Said, as the first British troops to land in the Anglo-French parachute operation against Egypt. The drops on the airfield were preceded by ground attacks by fighter bombers, and the control tower was set on fire. The airfield was soon captured and the troops then advanced on the town of Port Said, facing some "tough fighting" against Egyptian forces. To avoid causing civilian casualties in the town no bombardment had been carried out beforehand. Brigadier Butler, who commanded the operation, soon ordered a cease-fire in order to discuss surrender terms with the Governor of Port Said. These terms were, however, rejected after an earlier report of their acceptance and of the laying down of their arms by Egyptian troops. Early on November 6 British and French Commando troops landed at Port Said and Port Fuad to complete the operations begun by the paratroopers, which had been resumed after the rejection

(Continued opposite.)

(Right.) APPROACHING PORT SAID FROM THE SEA: BRITISH COMMANDO TROOPS MOVE IN ABOARD LANDING CRAFT AND HELICOPTERS, WHICH WERE USED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS TYPE OF OPERATION.



AFTER BEING TREATED ON BOARD BRITISH SHIPS: EGYPTIAN WOUNDED ARE BROUGHT BACK TO PORT SAID BY A NAVAL HELICOPTER.



AFTER THE SURRENDER AND THE CEASE-FIRE: A BRITISH TANK PATROLLING THE STREETS OF PORT SAID, WHILE OTHER TROOPS STAND GUARD.



CAUSING PLEASURE RATHER THAN CONCERN TO TWO LITTLE EGYPTIAN BOYS: A BRITISH PATROL MOVES PAST A DAMAGED HOUSE IN PORT SAID.



AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF PORT SAID: BRITISH AND FRENCH JOURNALISTS AND TROOPS "FALL OUT FOR A SMOKE" IN ONE OF THE CITY'S MAIN STREETS.



(Above.) TEN MINUTES AFTER CAPTURING THE BUILDING IN HEAVY FIGHTING: COMMANDOS RAISE THE WHITE ENSIGN OVER NAVY HOUSE AT PORT SAID.

(Continued.) of the surrender terms. These landings, which were supported by tanks, were reported to have gone well. A tank action took place on a golf course south of Port Said. The final communiqué issued by the Allied H.Q. in Cyprus on that day announced that both Port Said and Port Fuad were in Allied hands and that order was being restored. Work was immediately started on clearing the entrance to the Suez Canal, which had been blocked by the Egyptians. The Anglo-French cease-fire took effect at midnight on November 6, and (at the time of writing) only a few minor subsequent incidents were reported from Egypt. On November 11 the official figures of British casualties during the operations in the Suez Canal Zone were announced. These were 2 officers and 13 other ranks killed and 9 officers and 87 other ranks injured. Reports from Port Said stated that normal life was being resumed by the inhabitants, though British troops continued to maintain their positions in the city and along the Canal towards Ismailia.

(Left.) WRECKED DURING THE COMMANDO LANDINGS FROM THE SEA: PART OF THE ARAB QUARTER OF PORT SAID, IN THE BACKGROUND SMOKE IS POURING FROM A BURNING FUEL STORAGE TANK.



PATROLLING THE STREETS OF PORT SAID: TWO BRITISH TANKS MOVING THROUGH THE CITY SOON AFTER THE CEASE-FIRE HAD COME INTO FORCE.



DIGGING-IN ON THE BANK OF THE SUEZ CANAL: BRITISH TROOPS PREPARE THEIR POSITIONS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN PORT SAID AND ISMAILIA.

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF PORT SAID: A SUCCESSFUL AND RAPID OPERATION BY AIRBORNE AND COMMANDO TROOPS, WITH FEW CASUALTIES AND RELATIVELY LITTLE DAMAGE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IN 1678 John Ray wrote the first book, in English, about birds. It was "The Ornithology of Francis Willughby." On page 215 Ray had this to say: "In the Sea-coast of the Kingdom of China, a sort of small parti-coloured birds of the shape of Swallows, from the foam or froth of the Sea-water dashing against the Rocks gather a certain clammy glutinous matter, perchance the Sperm of Whales or other fishes, of which they build their Nests. These nests are esteemed by gluttons great delicacies, who dissolving them in Chicken or Mutton broth, prefer them far before Oysters, Mushrooms or other dainty morsels." To-day, we know that these nests, the main ingredient of birds'-nest soup, are constructed of pure saliva. Indeed, this knowledge has been with us for some time now.

John Ray was an eminent man, the Father of English Natural History; yet the explanation he advanced 300 years ago, which, in the light of our better knowledge seems, to say the least, somewhat quaint, must have appeared to him sufficiently reasonable. One is tempted to wonder how many present-day theories, even when grounded on careful and apparently precise investigation, and seemingly fully satisfactory, will be regarded 300 years hence as no more than quaint. In scientific theory, it takes only the emergence of a single additional factor, a new way of looking at a problem or the collection of another piece of previously unsuspected evidence, to bring about a radical realignment in philosophy. As time goes on, the chances of this happening in the realm of natural history grow less. One important reason for this lies in the increasing tendency to study one species only, closely and over an extended period of time.

The most recent example of the intensive study of a single species presented for the general reader is contained in "Swifts in a Tower," by David Lack (Methuen; 21s.). The tower used is part of the building housing the Museum of Science at Oxford University. The swifts are those nesting in the tower, in nesting-boxes with glass backs contrived by Dr. Lack and his co-workers, where their daily habits could be observed without the birds' being aware of it. The observations were supplemented by knowledge obtained through watching the swifts on the wing. In addition to the prolonged watching of the birds at their nests and the somewhat more random notes of the same birds on the wing, the author includes any cognate information about swifts in other parts of the world. This gives some idea of the scope of the book; but further than this it is not my intention to review it, in the usual sense of the word. Rather is it my wish to draw attention to one or two outstanding points arising from it, and especially to one which exemplifies my comment about a new approach giving a realignment to a biological problem. It is only fair to add, however, that the book is readable, informed and highly interesting.

There is one significant sentence, on page 81. The author has been describing the unprepossessing appearance of the nestling swift, with its naked, greyish-pink body consisting mainly of a swollen abdomen and a relatively large mouth

NEW LIGHT ON SWIFTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

and head. He compares this with the charming sight presented by a down-covered, newly-hatched duckling or the game-bird chick, and concludes that the nestling swift is merely adapted to a particular mode of life, in a sheltered nest. He then makes the comparison with the human infant, thus: "The nestling swift is as efficient in its own world as the game-bird chick in its very different one, and it is only our human standards of beauty and ugliness which deceive us into thinking otherwise . . . a human baby,

is written on the behaviour of the higher animals arid in construction and often obscures the true meaning for the general reader. It is encouraging to find an author of Lack's eminence showing signs of reversing this trend.

I have accepted this phrase as epitomising an attitude which peeps out again and again in his accounts of the swifts, giving his writings a human quality without departing from a scientific approach, on the one hand, or erring on the side of sentimentalism. In doing so, he leaves himself greater freedom in drawing comparisons between certain features in the behaviour of swifts and in ourselves. It is surely wrong to suppose, as the modern writings are too often inclined to imply, that animals and humans are cast in basically dissimilar moulds. Our kinship is strong, even if we are, in some ways, more blessed than they.

An idea of what is meant by this phrase "more blessed," is contained in another interesting point emerging from this close study of the minute day-to-day events in the lives of swifts. It was noticed that on occasion a nesting-box, containing two parents and their nestlings, would be entered by a third adult swift, with its beak filled with food. A fight would ensue and the intruder would be driven out. It seems that, although a swift may return in spring from thousands of miles away and come back to precisely the same nesting-site, it may, after a brief foray for flying insects, make the mistake of going into the wrong nest to feed its offspring.

Finally, we have the realignment on an old problem. "The high-pitched scream of the swift . . . sounds to our ears simple, harsh and monotonous. . . . In 1955 a microphone was placed alongside the nesting boxes in the tower. . . . When the recording of the calls was later played back at a quarter of the natural speed, it revealed unexpected diversity. . . . At quarter-speed, it (the scream) sounds like the thrilling vibrated cry of the great northern diver (or loon), while when slowed down to a tenth of the natural speed it is like the clucking and crooning of a domestic fowl. Other notes, and modifications of the scream, were also revealed. It seems reasonable to suggest that the swift itself can hear at least much of this diversity. . . . The songs of many woodland and garden birds are also richer and more musical than is apparent to us, and it has now been proved that at least one such species hears more of them than we

do. The whip-poor-will, an American nightjar, has to our ears a song of three (or at most four) notes, corresponding with its name, but a recording of the song played at half-speed showed that it really consists of five notes. The recording of a mocking-bird imitating the song of a whip-poor-will likewise appeared to consist of three notes at normal speed, but when played at half-speed revealed all five, showing that the mocking-bird heard and reproduced the song correctly."

Clearly, with the use of modern apparatus, thereby releasing us from the thralldom of the inefficient human ear, a new and rewarding field of research is about to be opened up. . .



A FLEDGLING SWIFT SCRATCHES ITSELF. THE FULLY-FEATHERED YOUNG SWIFT CAN BE DISTINGUISHED FROM AN ADULT BECAUSE MANY OF THE FEATHERS, INCLUDING THOSE OF THE WING, HAVE WHITE EDGES, AN AREA ABOVE THE BILL IS ALSO WHITE, AND THE THROAT IS WHITER THAN IN THE ADULT.



FEEDING A NEWLY-HATCHED CHICK: THE PARENT BIRD PLACING ITS BEAK IN THE OPEN MOUTH OF A NESTLING. IN HIS BOOK "SWIFTS IN A TOWER" THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES THE UNPREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE OF THE NESTLING SWIFT.

Electronic flash photographs by H. N. Southern, reproduced from the book "Swifts in a Tower"; by courtesy of the publishers, Methuen and Co., Ltd.

like a nestling swift, lives in a protected place and is chiefly concerned with eating and growing. It has scarcely any hair, a relatively large mouth, sucking lips and tongue, and a loud call when hungry. . . . But mothers will continue to think young swifts hideous, their own babies adorable, for such is mother-love (a preferable term, surely, to the modern 'maternal instinct')."

Most of this quotation is amusing, with a faint touch of gentle cynicism; and it is the second half of the last sentence to which I would draw especial attention. There is growing feeling that the discarding of more familiar and homely terms for so-called scientific equivalents, which have in fact precisely the same meaning, makes much that

THE EGYPT LANDINGS: FRENCH PARATROOPS AND COMMANDOS AT PORT FUAD.



FLOATING TO EARTH AT PORT FUAD: SUPPLIES DROPPING BY PARACHUTE TO THE FRENCH AIRBORNE TROOPS, SOME OF WHOM ARE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



AN ASSAULT CRAFT CARRYING FRENCH COMMANDOS APPROACHING PORT FUAD: THE SMOKE IS FROM A BURNING OIL DEPOT.



FOLLOWING THE AIRBORNE TROOPS INTO PORT FUAD: FRENCH COMMANDOS GOING ASHORE. AMONG THEM IS ONE OF THE "FROGMEN" WHO RECONNOITRED THE LANDING-PLACE.



AN IMPORTANT INSTALLATION TAKEN OVER BY THE FRENCH TROOPS: A WATER-PROCESSING STATION TO THE SOUTH OF PORT SAID.



AFTER DISEMBARKING: FRENCH COMMANDO TROOPS PROCEEDING INLAND. IN THE BACKGROUND IS SMOKE FROM THE BURNING OIL DEPOT.



A STRANGE CONTRAST: TWO EGYPTIAN CIVILIANS (LEFT) WALK PEACEFULLY PAST A FRENCH COMMANDO UNIT IN PORT SAID.

On November 5 British and French parachute troops made landings in the Port Said area of Egypt at dawn, and afterwards there were landings by French commandos and further landings by airborne troops. This part of the Anglo-French action, described by Sir Anthony Eden as a police move to restore peace after Israel invaded the Sinai Peninsula, followed several days of bombing of military targets by Allied aircraft, which in turn followed the Egyptian rejection of the Allied twelve-hour ultimatum. In order to avoid causing loss of life to Egyptian civilians the landings were not preceded

by a bombardment, but there was close support for the airborne troops from fighter-bombers, and this support was later described as extremely accurate. The British airborne troops landed in the Port Said area. The French troops landed at Port Fuad, east of Port Said, and also captured strategic positions south of Port Said. These included a water purifying factory, and two bridges, which were believed to include the Raswan bridge, the only bridge for heavy vehicles connecting Port Said with the mainland. Fighting ceased with the Allied cease-fire at midnight the following day, November 6.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



AMONG the plants in my garden which give me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, are a number of trees, shrubs and fruit trees which I raised from

seeds, pips or stones at various times in the past. Some of the seeds and pips were home-saved from trees and shrubs in my own garden, whilst others were picked up here and there, at odd times, in odd places, at home and abroad. This habit or hobby of raising trees and shrubs—I have called it pip-planting—is a truly delightful one, and if it can not honestly be called time-saving, at any rate it may be claimed as cash-saving. Yet when I have discussed the subject with gardening friends, quite a depressing number of them insist that they simply have not got the patience for this sort of thing. What they really mean, of course, if they only knew it, is that they are not quite fully-fledged true gardeners. If you happen to be blessed with the authentic garden philosophy, the question of patience does not enter into the operation of raising oak trees from acorns, fruit trees from pips and stones, or rhododendron bushes from a packet of dust-like seed which might easily be mistaken for a pinch of snuff.

No, operations of this kind do not, or should not, entail the smallest amount of patience, and least of all what I can only describe as impatient patience; a sort of fidgety watching for the kettle to boil. The only sane and satisfying way of indulging in pip-planting is to have, at all times, a number of batches of tree and shrub pips, seeds and stones, coming on in varying stages of development, and it is important that their labels will last in readable condition for the several years that must elapse before the seedlings are large enough to be potted on, or planted out and grown on to a size at which they are fit to take care of themselves in their permanent quarters. One solitary seedling in a pot is apt to lead to fussing and impatience, but where there are a reasonable number of batches in their seed pans and pots, it is easy to forget about them, except for routine watering, and this forgetting acts as a blessed camouflage to their apparent slowness in passing from the insignificant teething stages to recognisable and promising young tree- and shrubhood.

Have you a privet hedge in your garden which is at once a bore and a bit of an eyesore, and which you would dearly love to replace with yew, if young yews of planting size were not so horribly expensive? Such a predicament is the perfect opportunity for a little quiet pip-planting, and the eventual planting, without its costing you a penny, of a flourishing yew hedge. It will take time, quite several years, but meanwhile you will be making do with privet. The important thing is, that if you do as I suggest, you will have the yew hedge in the end, whereas if you don't, you will probably submit to the curse of privet till your dying day. The plan is quite simple. Make your way to the nearest big yew tree and collect a good quantity of the red yew berries with their green central seeds, and sow them either in seed pans or in a drill in open ground. Then forget about them, except for occasional weeding. Collect and sow plenty of the seeds, more seeds, that is, than you are likely to require young trees for your hedge. When one day you wake up to the fact that you have great store of vigorous baby yews 6 to 9 ins. high, lift and separate them, and replant in nursery rows, 6 ins. apart in the rows, and the rows about 18 ins. apart. To nourish the babes and encourage growth, dig into the ground a good dusting of bone meal. It will be a simple matter to work out how many young yews you will need, planted, say, 18 ins. apart, to make your hedge when the time comes, and it will be a wise precaution to allow for accidents by planting out a comfortable surplus. In the final planting of your yew hedge, remember that nothing impoverishes the soil so thoroughly as

WHY ALL THIS HURRY?

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

privet, so having dug out the abominable stuff, you will be well advised to work in good fresh soil to replace the bulk that has come out, and enrich it with more bone meal. Do not ask me how long it will take to achieve a yew hedge, say 3 ft. high, by the methods I have suggested. But does it really matter? The actual time involved in seed-collecting and sowing, in occasional hoeing and weeding, in transplanting once, and in the final planting, will be relatively little. And as to the actual time between sowing and final planting, let that be the yews' affair rather than yours. Forget about this particular span of time. There will be endless other garden jobs to keep your mind off the leisurely development of baby yews. No patience for such a waiting game, my foot! What about the years and years that one's children take to grow up. And with baby yews there are no teething troubles, no nappy period, no infant ailments, and no school fees. When the yew seeds are sown, the eventual hedge may seem a very distant prospect, but I assure you that when it has taken the place of the privet, the seed gathering will seem as yesterday. It will really. I know, for I have been pip-planting for many, many years. And in spite of all these years, I am still at it.

but not quite so tall, which at the moment are a warm blaze of autumn-red foliage. I raised them from seed, with several others which I gave to friends, ten or twelve years ago.

I think *A. griseum* is one of the most satisfactory of all the maples for autumn colour, not only for its brilliance, but because it holds its leaves after colouring far longer than most of the others. Almost more beautiful than the *griseums* is a tapered pyramid of apricot-gold flushed with a wash of rose. It is that interesting but relatively rare conifer *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, which, until it was discovered and collected in China in 1948, had only been known as a fossil. All summer it looks very like the deciduous cypress, with its soft, fresh-green foliage. In autumn it becomes one of the most beautiful of all the colouring trees. I raised my specimen from among a few seeds that came to me indirectly from the special expedition which was organised to collect the *Metasequoia*.

Another brilliant splash of colour just now is a little group of seedlings of *Viburnum carlesii*, from seeds sent to me by a friend in the U.S.A. The seed was taken from a specimen

which bore very lovely pink flowers in place of the normal white. My seedlings have not flowered yet, but their leaves are more brilliantly red than any other *V. carlesii* that I have ever seen. Three double-flowered peaches planted out on lawn were raised from the lovely double variety "Clara Meyer." I was given a number of ripe peaches which had fallen from a "Clara Meyer" in a Surrey garden, and having eaten the fruit I planted the stones. The trees are now twelve or more feet tall. They flower gloriously each spring, with a carpet of blue *Anemone appennina* in the circular beds in which they grow, and most summers they carry a crop of peaches, which, if not of superlative quality, are smallish, juicy, and quite well-flavoured. This year from these three trees we have had a crop of between 200 and 300 ripe peaches, in the latter half of October. Then on the west wall of the house is an apricot, which I raised from a stone. The tree has grown with tremendous vigour, in spite of a diet of almost pure limestone gravel. So far it has produced only two small crops of quite good apricots. But I am quite prepared to be astonished and embarrassed by a bumper crop of apricots any summer now.

There are several seedling apples about my garden, and though they have fruited in a small way, and I have tried hard to see virtues into them, virtues which, alas, do not exist, I am not too cast down. After all, an apple is one of the most beautiful of all flowering trees. However, one of my seedling apples fruiting this autumn for the first time, showed definite promise of an unusual kind. It carried a cluster of about a dozen apples. They were conical in shape, and the largest was about the size of my fist. To eat, when fresh gathered, they were rather hard, not very juicy, and with no outstanding flavour. Perhaps by March or April their eating quality will have improved. But meanwhile the apples are more brilliantly coloured than any apple I can remember having seen anywhere. They are an intensely vivid scarlet. A tree carrying a profuse crop of these gorgeous fruits would be a grand sight in the garden, no matter how hard, acid and shrewish they may prove at table.

Those are just a few of the results of my pip-plantings. If you have never pip-planted, I suggest your making a start by sowing and growing a pip from a raisin from dessert at your coming Christmas dinner, and treat the resulting vine as a climber on the south side of the house. Even if it never ripens grapes, a vine is one of the most decorative of all climbers.



YEWS AS HEDGES, SHAPED SPECIMENS, AND TOPIARY: A CORNER OF THE FAMOUS NATIONAL TRUST GARDEN OF HIDCOTE MANOR, IN THE COTSWOLDS.

It is not pretended that this picture closely illustrates the "pip-planting" of yews: but it does show the relative rapidity with which yews can assume an appearance of immemorial age. This famous garden, which was handed over to the National Trust in 1948 by its creator, Major Lawrence Johnston, had been built up by him from scratch in only forty years.

Raising a yew hedge from seed, however, is pip-planting in the grand manner. In my garden there are many trees and shrubs, large and small, which I have raised at various times. From where I sit as I write, I can see several. There is a 10-ft. *Acer griseum*, and two others, bushier,

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PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



RELEASED FROM A HUNGARIAN PRISON:
DR. EDITH BONE.

On November 2 Dr. Edith Bone arrived in Vienna from Budapest after being released from prison during the Hungarian uprising. She had been imprisoned as a spy in 1949 and had been given a "mock" trial fourteen months later. She described how she had been tortured and how during her seven years' solitary confinement she had amused herself to keep her sanity.



ELECTED AS LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY: MR. JOSEPH GRIMOND.

At an 'eve-of-session' dinner on November 5 the Parliamentary Liberal Party unanimously elected Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, as their new leader in succession to Mr. Clement Davies, who has led the party since 1949 and has now resigned from that office. Mr. Grimond has been Liberal Chief Whip in the House of Commons since March 1950.



MINISTER OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS:
COMMANDER A. NOBLE.

Commander A. H. P. Noble, R.N. (ret'd.), has been appointed Minister of State for Foreign Affairs in succession to Mr. Anthony Nutting, who resigned. Commander Noble, who is forty-eight, and was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, Commonwealth Relations Office, has been Conservative M.P. for Chelsea since 1945. He was P.P.S. to Sir Anthony Eden from 1947-51.



A FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHER KILLED IN
HUNGARY: M. PEDRAZZINI.

On November 7 M. Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini, a photographer for the French journal *Paris Match*, died in France after being flown back from Budapest, where he had received wounds from Russian machine-gun fire a week previously. On a previous occasion he had a narrow escape from death when he was taking photographs near the spot of the great racing crash at Le Mans in 1955.



JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR: THE LATE
MR. EDWARD E. LONG.

Mr. Edward Long, who died on November 10, at one time contributed travel articles to *The Illustrated London News*. He travelled widely and was editor of the *Rangoon Times* in 1905 and, later, of the *Indian Daily Telegraph*. During World War I he was in charge of the eastern section of the news department at the Foreign Office. He was the author of a book and a one-act play.



THE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS DURING A GREAT WORLD CRISIS:
MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD.

Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld has been Secretary-General of the United Nations since 1953. In a speech to the Security Council on Oct. 31 he implied that he might resign unless all members honoured their pledge to observe all the articles of the U.N. Charter. Confidence in him was immediately expressed by the U.S.A., Russia and France. Organising the U.N. police force for Egypt and urging Hungary to accept U.N. observers have been among his many tasks.



A MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENT: MR. DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, Q.C., has been appointed Economic Secretary to the Treasury in succession to Sir Edward Boyle, who resigned this post because of disagreement with the Government's Middle East policy. Mr. Walker-Smith, who was educated at Rossall and Christ Church, Oxford, is forty-six, and has been Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade since October 1955. He is a barrister and is Conservative M.P. for East Hertfordshire.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



NOMINATED BISHOP OF ELY:
DR. N. B. HUDSON.

The Rt. Rev. N. B. Hudson, who has been Bishop of Newcastle since 1941, has been nominated for election as Bishop of Ely. Dr. Hudson was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. After distinguished war service he was ordained in 1920. From 1938-41 he was secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.



TO COMMAND THE U.N. POLICE FORCE:
GENERAL BURNS OF CANADA.

On November 5 General Burns, formerly Chief of Staff of the U.N. truce supervision organisation, was appointed commander of the international police force formed to supervise the cease-fire in Egypt. On November 11 the first ten officers of the force were deployed in the Sinai desert and a U.N. liaison officer was sent to the Anglo-French headquarters in Cyprus.



A GOVERNMENT RESIGNATION: SIR EDWARD BOYLE.

On November 9 the resignation of Sir Edward Boyle, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, was reported. Sir Edward resigned because of disagreement over the Government's policy of intervention in Egypt. He thus became the second junior Minister to resign over this issue. Sir Edward is thirty-three and is Conservative member for the Handsworth Division of Birmingham.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN, early this summer, I saw some creditable amateur players doing their best with "The Good Woman of Setzuan," I began to fear for the English Stage Company's version at the Royal Court. That autumn performance, I felt, would be well managed (when Dame Peggy Ashcroft is in a cast, the harassed prophet can smile cheerfully), but the play itself—how

agreeable performances at the Court—those, for example, of Esmé Percy, John Moffatt, and Robert Stephens as the three gods, who are seeking goodness, and who drift wearily through the play until—with unalloyed thankfulness—they can return at last to their celestial quarters, leaving the good woman of Setzuan to get on with her complicated job. The departure of the gods in their "machine" is a cheerful device, but by then it is the very end of the evening. Mr. Devine allows the three visitors to wear full regalia; in the amateur production they appeared, amusingly at first, as celestial Civil Servants, straight from some Whitehall in the clouds. Anyway, it does not matter.

Forward now to Eugene Ionesco. I imagine that this curious writer is to be our new fashion, and certainly he is preferable to Brecht. For one thing, he has a likeable mad humour. No doubt many will find him profound, but I prefer to regard him as an intellectual *farceur*. The first of two plays in the Arts Theatre bill is called "The Bald Prima Donna." An entrancing title—chosen, of course, because the piece has nothing to do with a bald prima donna (though one is mentioned towards the end). What we get is a conversation-piece designed to show, capriciously, that people cannot communicate with each other because language has become

is an animated apron; and Lloyd Pearson as the Captain of the Fire Brigade who discourses on nothing in particular in a voice like a fruit flan. For some reason (and doubtless Ionesco would have approved) I kept on thinking of Gilbert's Captain Shaw as apostrophised by the Queen of the Fairies:

Oh, Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!

As if all this were not enough for one evening, we pass to "The New Tenant" in which Robert Eddison, sad and willowy, with that secret smile of his, is buried at length beneath a cairn of fantastically comic furniture: so big a cairn on the Arts stage that no one could take a call at the close of the play. This, too, mingles the absurdly funny and the tedious. We can ask ourselves whether Ionesco is being grave about voluntary entombment, or whether he is just laughing at Man's possessive ways, his passion for useless accumulation. It is of no importance. What we have is another intellectual farce, intermittently amusing, provocative (for who can leave Ionesco without talking about him?), and, at the Arts, amply acted. Mr. Eddison is aided in this by Miss Evans, Mr. Bates, and Michael Bryant (the last two as the removal men who pile Ossa on Pelion, and both upon Mr. Eddison). Peter Wood, the director, has had also to be (in effect) a choreographer, and he has worked with craft.

So up the street (and back across the Channel) to the London Hippodrome and "The Dave King Show," a revue in which Dave King can be an amiable companion without any metaphysical overtones. For those who enjoy "water spectacles" (and few can be superior enough to ignore them) technicians have laboured to reproduce the Fountain of Trevi. I would appreciate the night



"A CAREFUL DRAMATISATION OF A PLATITUDE TO THE EFFECT THAT ABSOLUTE GOODNESS IN THE WORLD IS IMPOSSIBLE": "THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH MRS. MI TZU—THE LANDLADY (RACHEL KEMPSON)—FINDS SHEN TE (PEGGY ASHCROFT—CENTRE) HARBOURING THE SCUM OF THE EARTH.

in the world could a director cover its want of inspiration, beguile us through the passage of three hours?

Still, there was always hope—one string, one star. I kept it until four-fifths of the long Royal Court evening was over; but by then the star (no reference, let me say, to Dame Peggy) was glimmering out, and the string had frayed beyond repair. Bertolt Brecht's parable-morality, in its conscientious version by Eric Bentley, is a careful dramatisation of a platitude to the effect that absolute goodness in the world is impossible. Having made his point once, Brecht makes it again, and again: he walks round and round the theme anxiously, stopping now and then so that someone can sing a quite needless song, a placard overhead informing us that a song is being sung.

I am afraid that this production has further damaged the already dented Brechtian cause in this country. It is not George Devine's fault; as director he has served his lost cause valiantly, though I grew very tired of that convenient, but visually drab, set. It is simply that the piece achieves only a hollow, an aching, portentousness. At first hearing this summer (even without Dame Peggy) there was always the hope of a surprise: one snatched thankfully at some of the passages in which Brecht allowed a little genuine feeling to enter. But I am concerned here with the Royal Court, a night on which Dame Peggy held the bridge with unfading valour: it was the spectacle of a superb actress meeting a problem that I doubt whether any other actress in our theatre could have met in just her way.

She has a double part—the former prostitute, "angel of the slums" in the Chinese town of Setzuan, and the so-called "cousin" she creates in order to shield herself from the parasites round her. In a mask, and wearing a thin, bitter moustache and a trilby hat, Dame Peggy becomes a scorpion wildly unlike her own gracious self. It is fine acting; but it cannot withdraw our minds from the play's fussy emptiness.

At any new Brecht production I shall continue to hope. Passages from "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" are pleasantly in recollection. But, more and more, one sees that he has been wildly and lucklessly over-valued, and that the talk about his "alienation" theory is now a bad joke. We have some

meaningless. Jacques Lemarchand, in Paris, has called it a "parody of conversation," and so it is, a tumbling waterfall of clichés, with endearing moments when the fall is suddenly suspended, as it were, in mid-air while the same question-and-answer is repeated three or four times. Then, with a roar, the banalities surge down again. It is quite preposterous, sometimes very funny, sometimes dull, because there is nothing whatever to hang on to in the torrent of words. One feels that a student of metaphysics might enjoy himself with the text; in the theatre we have to be concerned principally with the externals, and here much rests upon the company.

These players at the Arts speak with delighted verbal virtuosity: Robert Eddison and Barbara Leake as Mr. and Mrs. Smith in whose suburban drawing-room the words fizz and caper; Jill Bennett and Michael Bates as the couple, palely loitering, who repeat the consoling harmonies of "Goodness gracious! How very amazing! What a coincidence!" as their thoughts move towards each other like little engines ready for a gentle collision; Jessie Evans as the maid, who



BERTOLT BRECHT'S PARABLE-MORALITY IN WHICH DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT PLAYS A DOUBLE PART: "THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH YANG (PETER WYNGARDE—ON STOOL) IS APPOINTED OVERSEER OF THE TOBACCO FACTORY. HE IS WATCHED BY SHUI TA (PEGGY ASHCROFT—CENTRE RIGHT) AND SHU FU (GEORGE DEVINE—EXTREME RIGHT).

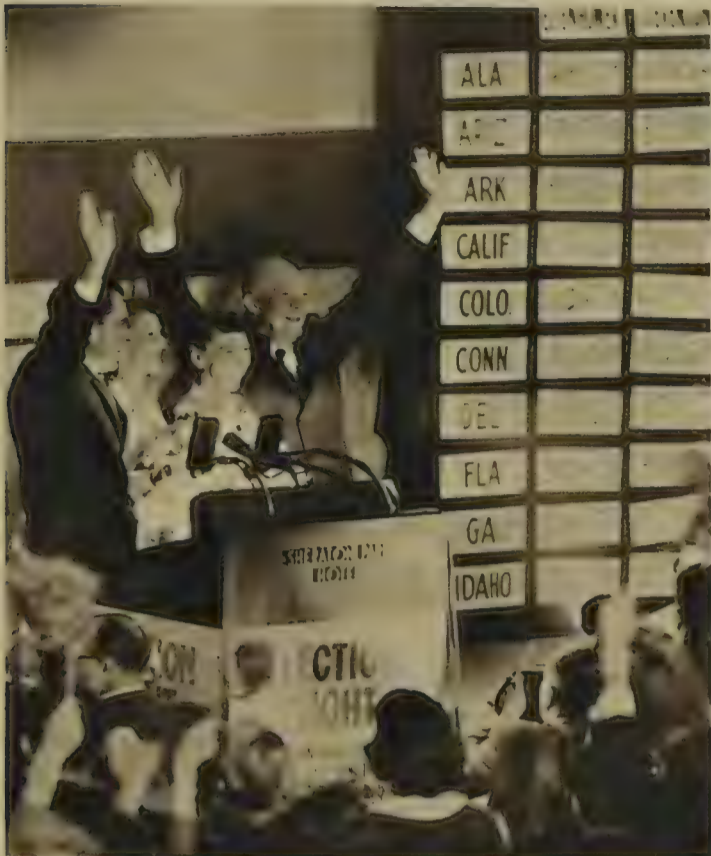
more without its songs; but, just as Alice said, "What is the use of a book without pictures or conversation?", so (I suppose) the Hippodrome directors can reply, "What is a revue without songs?"

What, we can add, would "Ten Minute Alibi" be without its clock? The famous piece of juggling (which once puzzled Bernard Shaw) is back at the Westminster for the sake of a new generation. Some who had come, no doubt, to carp, remained to praise. If the play cannot claim to be more than a mechanical toy, it is expertly made: renewed honour to Anthony Armstrong. We have pleasure now in taking it apart and re-assembling it, with the aid of the director (Jevan Brandon-Thomas) and a sound cast. Observe Charles Leno as the manservant who would have been an active partner, I feel, for the bad cousin of Setzuan.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "NUDE WITH VIOLIN" (Globe).—Coward comedy, with Sir John Gielgud; review later. (November 7.)
- "THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" (Winter Garden).—Full-scale Shaw. (November 8.)
- "LE CHIEN DU JARDINIER" (Palace).—The Renaud-Barrault company. (November 12.)
- "THE DEVIL WAS SICK" (Fortune).—Kenneth Horne comedy, with Marie Löhr. (November 13.)
- "DOUBLE IMAGE" (Savoy).—By Roger MacDougall and Ted Allari. (November 14.)
- "LE MISANTHROPE" (Palace).—French Players in Molière. (November 14.)
- "FIDELIO" (Sadler's Wells).—Douglas Seale produces. (November 14.)
- "FANNY" (Drury Lane).—Robert Morley in musical comedy. (November 15.)

THE U.S. ELECTION; SABOTAGE IN SYRIA, AND OTHER NEWS.



AFTER THE ELECTION RESULTS BECAME KNOWN: THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT, WITH THEIR WIVES, IN WASHINGTON EARLY IN THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 7. President Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon, the vice-President, together with Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Nixon, attended an election victory party early in the morning of Nov. 7 in Washington. From the moment the results began to come through, President Eisenhower was seen to have a clear lead over Mr. Stevenson.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. NIXON, WITH MRS. EISENHOWER AND MRS. NIXON, AT AN ELECTION VICTORY PARTY.



IN CANADA: PART OF THE HUGE TRANS-CANADA OIL PIPELINE WHICH IS BEING LAID TO HELP SOLVE CANADA'S OIL TRANSPORT PROBLEMS. Canada consumes almost twice as much oil as is produced in the Canadian oilfields. But the oilfields, whose full extent is not yet known, are being rapidly developed and the giant pipeline is for transporting oil from the wells to the consumers.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED: THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY'S PUMPING STATION T.4, A VITAL LINK IN THE PIPELINE ACROSS SYRIA. It was reported on November 6 that two vital pumping stations on the I.P.C. oil pipeline through Syria had been sabotaged. It is expected to take at least six months to repair it. The Syrian Government disclaimed responsibility, and said they would assist in the repair work.



A WEEK AFTER HIS OPERATION: MR. DULLES, SECRETARY OF STATE, TALKING WITH MR. NIXON, THE VICE-PRESIDENT, WHO VISITED HIM IN HOSPITAL. Mr. Dulles' future, since his operation on Nov. 3, has given rise to considerable speculation. During his absence, American foreign policy has been in the hands of the President, with Mr. Hoover, acting Secretary of State, and Mr. Lodge, the U.N. Delegate, as his chief advisers. Rumours of Mr. Dulles' resignation have been denied.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK ON NOVEMBER 7: SIR HAROLD CACCIA, THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, WITH HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER AND BOXER DOG. Sir Harold Caccia, the new British Ambassador to the United States, reached New York with his family aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* on November 7. Before flying on to Washington he spoke to reporters and stressed the absolute necessity for Britain and America to co-operate in foreign affairs. Sir Harold had previously been Deputy Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office.



HOMAGE TO THE FALLEN: H.M. THE QUEEN LAYING A WREATH AT THE CENOTAPH ON NOVEMBER 11, AND LEADING THE NATION'S ACT OF REMEMBRANCE AND MOURNING ON REMEMBRANCE DAY. THE PRIME MINISTER CAN BE SEEN HOLDING A WREATH IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND.



AT GUILDHALL: THE PRIME MINISTER SPEAKING AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET: SEATED (L. TO R.) THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; LADY EDEN; SIR CUTHBERT ACKROYD; THE LORD MAYOR; THE LADY MAYORESS; THE LORD CHANCELLOR; LADY ACKROYD AND THE SPEAKER.

AT THE CENOTAPH; AND AT GUILDHALL: REMEMBRANCE DAY; AND THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET

Remembrance Day this year fell on its old date, November 11, and world events added to its normal poignancy—indeed, among the wreaths heaped at the Cenotaph after the ceremony were flowers tied with the tricolour ribbon of Hungary. Many thousands were present in Whitehall for the service and the Two Minutes' Silence. After the Queen and the Duke of Gloucester had laid wreaths, two others were laid on behalf of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother.—Speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall on November 9, the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, defended the Anglo-French action in Egypt and said: "After a lifetime spent in foreign affairs,

I am sincerely and deeply convinced that if we had not acted, the whole Middle East would be in flames to-day." Sir Anthony indicted Russia for the "ruthless repression" of "a heroic people," and said: "We must face the fact that, so long as such things can happen, the United Nations is very far from being the world order which we would wish it to be." He endorsed the national appeal for a Hungarian Relief Fund which was announced by the Lord Mayor, Sir Cullum Welch. The address of the Fund, to be known as the Lord Mayor of London's National Hungarian and Central European Relief Fund, is Mansion House, E.C.4. Contributions should be marked "Hungarian Relief."

"KING MIDAS' KITCHEN"; AND OTHER NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE PHRYGIAN GORDION OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.

By RODNEY S. YOUNG, Ph.D., Field Director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum's expedition to Gordion.

In our previous issue Dr. Young described the last season's discoveries in the Phrygian necropolis of Gordion and the use of a portable oil-drilling rig as a new tool of the archaeologist. Here he describes the expedition's discoveries in the city itself, especially up to the period which ended with its destruction very early in the seventh century B.C.

WE are told by Herodotus that the Persian Empire was traversed by a Royal road over which the king's couriers conveyed the official correspondence: "neither rain nor snow, nor fog nor gloom of night might stay these messengers from the swift accomplishment of their appointed round." The road ran from Susa, in Persia, to Sardis, in Lydia, with an extension to the sea at Ephesus. Gordion, the ancient capital of Phrygia and an important garrison post in Achæmenian times, lay on the Royal road in the upper valley of the Sangarios, about seventy miles to the south-west of Ancyra, the modern Ankara. In the autumn of 1955 the University Museum's expedition to Gordion happened upon a stretch of ancient road (Fig. 1) which may be identified with confidence as part of the Persian Royal road. Since it winds its way between the grave mounds in the Gordion cemetery of Phrygian and Lydian times, it is evidently later than they and belongs to the time of the Persian Empire. Its width—about 20 ft.—and careful construction suggest that this is no local road but a trunk highway; moreover, it can be traced at various points for twenty miles towards the east, to Yeni Doğan, where another large ancient mound (Kara Hüyük) must have been the next stage in its course.

The road has not been traced to the city-mound at Gordion; evidently it by-passed the city, with branches leading to the various gates. The south-east gate of Persian times and the buildings within it have already been illustrated (*The Illustrated London News* of September 17, 1955). In 1955 and 1956 the business of the expedition was to clear the Phrygian gate, which lies directly beneath the Persian, and to investigate the Phrygian level immediately within.

The Phrygian gate, built entirely of stone, consists of a central passageway flanked at either side by a court opening towards the city. The passage, about 30 ft. wide by 68 ft. deep, was open at its outer end; its inner end was closed by a cross-wall with a central doorway. The entrance to the city thus formed a trap in which attackers might be pelted from above on three sides by the defenders. The sloping roadway through the gate was paved with a cobbling of small rounded stones and prolonged outside by a ramp leading up to the entrance. A ledge at either side of the inner passageway may have served the purposes of defence in wartime, and been used in peacetime to accommodate spectators at processions into the town. The massive walls, sloped slightly inward, still stand to a height of 30 ft. The inner

wall at the north side had been taken down by the builders of the later gate and its materials re-used. Since this original material was available, it was decided to rebuild the Phrygian wall with its own blocks, and the task was entrusted to a local country mason. The tools and methods used must approximate closely to those of the original builders in the ninth or eighth century B.C. In addition to a primitive hoist for lifting the heavy blocks (Fig. 4), the only tools used were pick and



FIG. 1. PART OF THE PERSIAN ROYAL ROAD, WHICH HERODOTUS DESCRIBED: THE SECTION UNCOVERED NEAR THE GORDION NECROPOLIS, LOOKING WESTWARDS TO SARDIS.

This part of the great road, used by the couriers of the Great King in ancient times, then ran from Susa, in Persia, to Sardis, in Lydia, with an extension to the sea at Ephesus. On the left is Tumulus P, whose excavation was described in our last issue; on the right are the lower slopes of the Great Tumulus, in which exploratory drilling has been begun.



FIG. 2. A PAIR OF LION HEADS IN SOFT LIMESTONE. THE GROOVED TONGUES AT THE BACK WERE EVIDENTLY SET IN THE WALL OF THE PHRYGIAN BUILDING AND THE HEADS ADORNED ITS FACADE.

crow-bar, sledge-hammer and mason's hammer, levelling string and measuring stick—all simple implements known to have been in use in primitive times.

The massive defences of the town, however, seem to have failed of their purpose. All the buildings within had been destroyed by a great conflagration which took place early in the seventh century B.C., probably in consequence of a raid of the Kimmerians, who were devastating Asia Minor at that time. The destruction of the city

is dated by the masses of pottery found in an area nicknamed "King Midas' Kitchen" from the objects of domestic use found in it: loom-weights and whorls, cooking-pots and grinding-stones for making flour (Fig. 3). One vessel of finer ware found in the "kitchen" is a tall spouted jug (Fig. 5), probably of local fabric and decorated with deer, lions and birds in panels as well as with various conventional geometric motives. In the ruins of another house were found large numbers of fine polished-ware bowls. These had evidently been stacked, upside-down, in wicker baskets. Five of these stacks were uncovered, more or less fallen and scattered in the destruction of the house; but in each case under the central nucleus of the stack was found the bottom of the burned wicker-basket, preserved by the pottery which had covered it (Fig. 7).

One building of this period was completely uncovered—a house built of crude brick reinforced by wooden posts and horizontal beams set into the brickwork (Fig. 10). The wooden reinforcement had added fuel to the flames and the heat had become so intense that the lime plaster on the walls had in places liquefied and run down; it is now a vitrified greenish substance. The house consisted of two large rooms, each with a circular hearth of fine stucco at the centre. The smaller north room opened through two doorways to an extensive stone-paved court within the gate. It was itself paved with a floor of pebble mosaic, now in poor condition, but in which various geometric motives may be discerned in dark red and dark blue pebbles on a white ground. A wide doorway led to the

large inner room, paved with a plain cement floor. At the back of the house and along its west side were small store-rooms, evidently later additions. In one of these stood a storage jar full of burned barley (Fig. 6); in another a pile of burned wheat on the floor covered part of the wicker-basket which had contained it.

To the west lies another house, not yet entirely uncovered. It consisted of a porch or vestibule at the north, opening to the same paved court that fronted the brick building at the east. The vestibule connected by a wide doorway with the large inner room; at each side of the doorway lay a shallow closet-like room entered from the vestibule. The inner room measures about 32 by 35 ft., with a round stucco hearth near the middle. It is floored throughout with pebble mosaic showing geometric motives in a scatter pattern; there is no overall design (Fig. 11). The walls were covered by fine white lime plaster in two layers. The roof had been of wooden beams covered with reeds and an outside layer of clay. Many fragments of the clay, baked hard in the fire, were found, bearing the impression of the reeds over which the clay had been

spread. The roof timbers must have been massive, spanning the entire width of the room, since there are no traces of any interior supports. There is reason to believe, moreover, that the roof was not flat but double-pitched.

This building was of stone reinforced with wooden beams and posts in the same manner as the brick building beside it. All around the outside, to east, south and west, ran a bench set against the wall, perhaps to accommodate people waiting to see the potentate who resided within.

(Continued overleaf.)

"KING MIDAS' KITCHEN"; AND "DOODLES"
OF THE SUITORS OF 2800 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 3. IN THE AREA NICKNAMED "KING MIDAS' KITCHEN" FROM THE NUMBER OF DOMESTIC OBJECTS FOUND THERE: ON A PERMANENT BENCH CAN BE SEEN A NUMBER OF GRINDING-STONES AND THEIR BASES.



FIG. 4. GORDION WORKMEN OF TO-DAY REBUILDING A PHRYGIAN WALL OF 2800 YEARS AGO. THE TOOLS AND METHODS THEY USED WERE PRETTY MUCH THOSE EMPLOYED WHEN THE WALL WAS FIRST BUILT.



FIG. 5. A FINE SPOUTED JUG, PAINTED WITH ANIMAL AND GEOMETRIC DESIGNS. THE WALL AT THE BASE OF THE SPOUT HAS STRAINER HOLES, LIKE A TEAPOT.



FIG. 6. ONE OF THE STOREROOMS OF THE HOUSE OF FIG. 10. ONE OF THE JARS IS CRUSHED, THE OTHER WAS FOUND TO BE FULL OF BURNED BARLEY. IN ANOTHER ROOM BURNED WHEAT WAS FOUND.



FIG. 7. IN ONE OF THE HOUSES: (RIGHT) A STACK OF FINE POLISHED-WARE BOWLS, ORIGINALLY STACKED UPSIDE-DOWN IN A BASKET; AND (LEFT) THE STILL-SURVIVING WICKER BASE OF THE BASKET, PRESERVED FROM FIRE BY THE POTS IT CONTAINED.

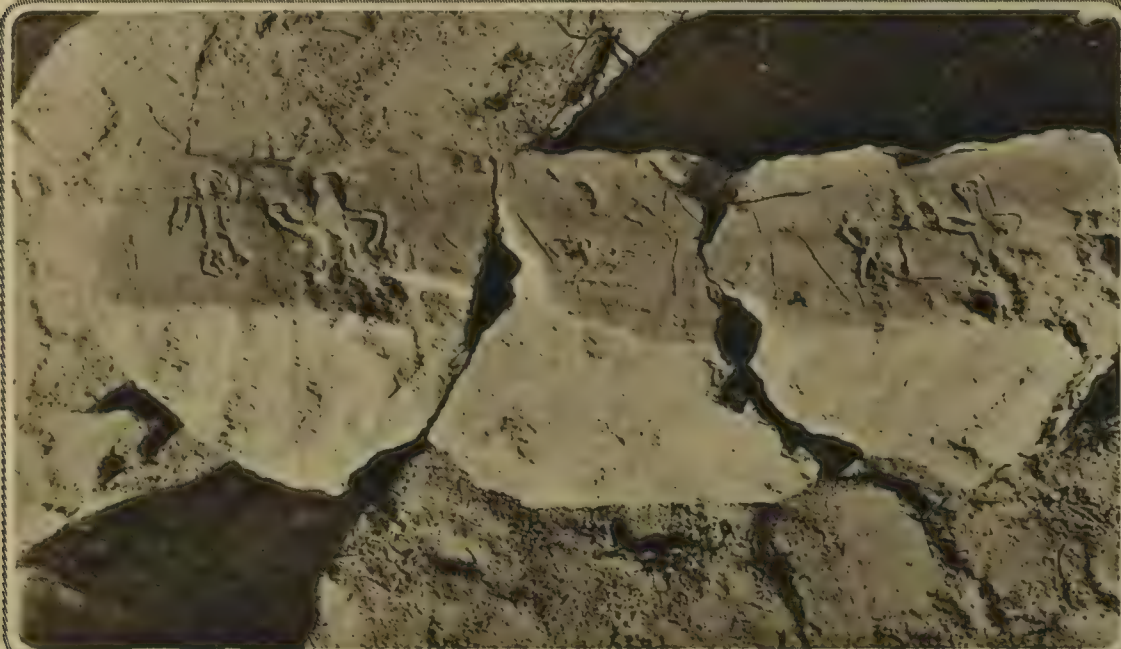


FIG. 8. TWO ENGRAVINGS OF PAIRS OF BOXERS ON A STONE FROM THE OUTSIDE WALL OF A STONE-BUILT HOUSE WHICH HAD A BENCH AGAINST ITS EXTERIOR, PRESUMABLY "DOODLED" BY MEN WAITING PERHAPS FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE.



FIG. 9. ANOTHER "DOODLE STONE" OF GREAT INTEREST, SHOWING, AT THE TOP, TWO HOUSES WITH DOUBLE-PITCHED ROOFS AND CURVING ACROTERIA AT THE GABLE-PEAK.

Continued.

In any case, these people whiled away their time by scratching pictures on the stone wall faces of the building. A few of the stones bearing pictures (we called them "doodle stones") were still in place in the wall. More, however, were found fallen and broken; they give us contemporary, though crude, pictures of the eighth-century Phrygian scene. One small piece (Fig. 9) is precious, because it shows two little houses of a kind that must

have been normal in Phrygian Gordion, and they have double-pitched roofs. Another (Fig. 8) shows two pairs of boxers. On others are shown warriors fighting, all kinds of animals, and birds, including a crested species which may represent the hoopoe, common in present-day Anatolia. This decoration of the building was informal and certainly unplanned. More formal sculptural decoration is suggested by a pair of lion heads recovered from

[Continued opposite.]

HOUSES OF PHRYGIAN GORDION; AND A "PATCHWORK QUILT" FLOOR.



FIG. 10. A BRICK-BUILT HOUSE OF THE PHRYGIAN GORDION OF KING MIDAS' TIME. THE SLOTS IN THE BRICKWORK WERE FOR WOODEN BEAMS.



FIG. 11. AN EXTRAORDINARY MOSAIC FLOOR. GEOMETRIC PATTERNS IN PEBBLE MOSAIC ARE SCATTERED LIKE A PATCHWORK QUILT.

Continued. the foundations of a Persian building immediately above, where they had been reused as filling. The heads, with front paws below, must have decorated the façade of the building. The tongues behind the heads (Fig. 2) are grooved to be held by wooden frames, and were evidently set in the brickwork of the wall. The small area of Phrygian Gordion thus far excavated gives us our first idea of the level of culture attained by the

Phrygians in the eighth century. Further, it shows us a people, living in Anatolia and exposed to the influences of the Orient, who must have had as part of their own heritage a western tradition of geometric decoration and of building on the megaron plan. On linguistic grounds it has long been thought that the Phrygians immigrated into Anatolia from the north or west, and this is now confirmed on archaeological and architectural evidence.



DUE, I suppose, to old-fashioned prejudice and faulty education, unlike the High Priests of the cult and their acolytes, I do not genuflect in front of paintings showing women with two noses and one vertical and one horizontal eye, but prefer a face to be more or less as God made it. I repeat "more or less" because whatever the face a painter is dealing with he is bound to put something of himself into it, and if he is not a big enough man to show us the individual character of the sitter behind the mask of flesh he can at least be expected to reveal his own feelings. Chance brought me to this eighteenth-century French print by Louis Marin Bonnet, after a pastel by François Boucher, immediately after I had made the acquaintance of the lady with the two noses. Perhaps the sillier aberrations of some moderns make us attribute to famous productions of the past greater virtues than they actually possess, but we do at least, in a print as distinguished as this, find ourselves in a world which is superficially sane. Perhaps Boucher, the favourite painter of Madame de Pompadour, was merely a decorator, not concerned with the mysteries of the human soul, and liable to repeat himself over and over again. Sometimes, though, he achieves more than a pretty face; I think he does here, for the model is one of his daughters (Madame Deshayes), and he communicates to us a good deal of his own pride in her. The print is rare, famous, as good an example as any of the marvellous standard achieved in France a few years before the Revolution, and a sovereign antidote to the exasperation caused by some of the more dreary of to-day's experiments.

The other illustration on this page comes into an entirely different category; perhaps the nearest approach on this side of the Channel would be something by Thomas Rowlandson, but a Rowlandson refined and disciplined to such a degree of elegance as to be unrecognisable. The majority of eighteenth-century prints, whether in England or France, were by good craftsmen who set themselves out to copy other men's paintings. Only rarely were they original creators. Philibert Louis Debucourt was an exception, and this large and crowded composition entitled "*La Promenade Publique*" is by general consent his most ambitious and most successful work. The scene is the garden of the Palais Royal, the year is 1792. It is not the happiest time in France, though worse, much worse, was to come; but here is a gifted observer watching the crowd as it enjoys the summer sunshine and gossips and laughs and flirts beneath the chestnut trees.

There are other prints of a similar character by the same gifted hand. There is another Promenade of five years before, "*Promenade de la Galerie du Palais Royal*," in which the crowd is passing before shops numbers 262-266 of the Gallery; a third belongs to the year 1805, "*Les Courses du Matin ou la Porte d'un Riche*," in which are to be seen numerous sharply differentiated

types—an artist with a picture under his arm; a pretty woman with two children, while a nurse carries another; a haughty young man carrying a portfolio of drawings; an elderly man who might well be Mr. Pickwick's father—a typical crowd of people with things to sell or favours to ask. A fourth, "*Frascati*," was done in 1807 and shows us a formal party under the Empire, with everyone



"AS GOOD AN EXAMPLE AS ANY OF THE MARVELLOUS STANDARD ACHIEVED IN FRANCE A FEW YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION": "*TETE DE FLORE*," A COLOUR PRINT BY LOUIS MARIN BONNET AFTER A PASTEL BY FRANCOIS BOUCHER. THE MODEL IS MME. DESHAYES, ONE OF BOUCHER'S DAUGHTERS.

(P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Ltd.)



"A GIFTED OBSERVER WATCHING THE CROWD AS IT ENJOYS THE SUMMER SUNSHINE...": "*LA PROMENADE PUBLIQUE*," A COLOUR PRINT BY PHILIBERT LOUIS DEBUCOURT. THE SCENE IS THE GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL IN 1792. MR. FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES THESE TWO PRINTS IN HIS ARTICLE. (P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Ltd.)

apparently a trifle stiff and self-conscious. Debucourt was one of the very few who, after making his name with the light-hearted frivolities which were the mode under the monarchy, managed to adapt himself to a changing world while preserving the gently satiric touch which, allied to his astonishing

technical ability, gives his productions their bitter-sweet charm. And how the several masters of the colour print worked, always experimenting with some new method or combination of methods! It is an enormously complicated subject, quite impossible even to summarise in a brief note; it must suffice to say that by the end of the century, Debucourt had used as many as ten different kinds of technique, sometimes by themselves and sometimes in combination.

If this highly-specialised pursuit intrigues you, the best account of it I know is to be found in the introduction to the engraving section of the catalogue of the Debucourt Exhibition, held at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in 1920. Debucourt, who was born in 1755 and died in 1831, produced as many as 577 colour prints. Bonnet (1743-93), to whom we owe this print of Boucher's daughter, 1054; and his special title to fame lies in his perfecting a method of reproducing pastels following the achievement of his older contemporary Demarteau (1722-66) with drawings in crayon. Bonnet made use of a number of plates which, of course, give him a wider range of colours, and the wonderfully sensitive results have to be seen in the actual print if they are to be believed. His other innovation was to find a means by which not only the coloured pastel, but the gold frame in which it was placed, could be reproduced in facsimile; a whole set of these was made, apparently for the English market, for they bear English titles often badly spelt.

It has often been said that for all their charms, French eighteenth-century colour prints, no less than English, are liable to be insipid; that is true enough, and if you spend too much time among too many of them their sweetness is apt to be cloying. That charge cannot be brought against Debucourt, not even when he is obviously intent upon sentimentality. The Promenade of the illustration is clearly spiced with satire—so are the others I have mentioned; and so is the famous print called "*Les Deux Baisers*" which was engraved by him from his own picture "*La Feinte Caresse*" which appeared in the salon of 1785; an amusingly light-hearted scene, in which an old

man looks happily at a painting of his young wife and himself while the enterprising painter kisses the lady's hand behind the husband's back. Amorous ancients have been fair game from time immemorial and Debucourt has taken the hackneyed theme and made a lively composition out of it. Nor even in another print, almost as famous, whose theme in other hands could have become distressingly mawkish, does he succumb; this is the one called "*L'Escalade, ou les Adieux du Matin*," in which, amid a Boucher-like landscape, a girl bids good-bye to her lover; a piece of straight if slightly theatrical reporting—two figures in delicate shades of blue against a background of deep shadows—a graceful, ephemeral fantasy.

At first sight it is curious that such things, originally produced in great numbers, are now so rare; the reason is that no one took much notice of them when they were new, and they were not to the taste of people living in the first half of the nineteenth century, who disapproved of their frivolity without appreciating their other qualities.

A BOND STREET EXHIBITION: RECENT OIL PAINTINGS BY EDWARD SEAGO.



"APPROACHING STORM ON THE TAGUS": IN THE EXHIBITION OF RECENT PAINTINGS BY EDWARD SEAGO AT MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI, 14, OLD BOND STREET. (Oil on board; 12 by 16 ins.)



"BANKS OF THE SEINE, PETIT ANDELY." THERE ARE FORTY-ONE WORKS IN THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL NOVEMBER 30. (Oil on board; 20 by 26 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN SPAIN," IN WHICH EDWARD SEAGO ACHIEVES A STRIKING SENSE OF DISTANCE. (Oil on canvas; 26 by 36 ins.)



"MARSH HAY, NORFOLK": ONE OF SEVERAL HARVEST SCENES PAINTED IN THE ARTIST'S HOME COUNTY. (Oil on board; 18 by 24 ins.)



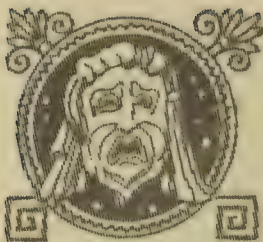
"PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS." THERE ARE A NUMBER OF PARISIAN SCENES IN THE EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 26 by 36 ins.)



"QUAYSIDE, CACILHAS, LISBON," A PAINTING FULL OF THE WARMTH AND BRIGHT LIGHT OF PORTUGAL IN SUMMER. (Oil on canvas; 20 by 30 ins.)

Nearly all lovers of art are gifted with a detective instinct. This is shown in one of two ways—by eager and fascinating research into a particular work, artist or school, and, more commonly, by a strong desire to find the influences of other artists when faced with a number of works by a contemporary artist. The current exhibition of recent oil paintings by Edward Seago, which continues at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, until November 30, provides ample scope for the second sort of detection. Boudin, and occasionally Guardi, come to mind in the seascapes and harbour scenes. Mr. Seago's English landscapes are very much in the tradition of the English School, with

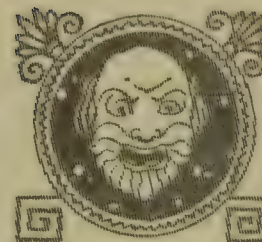
special links, perhaps, to the Norwich School. This is explained by the fact that the artist lives in Norfolk and does much of his landscape painting in that county. Throughout his work, both in oils and water-colours, Edward Seago achieves most striking effects of light and atmosphere. He shows the most skillful mastery of his medium and has developed a number of convincing personal touches—for instance in his rendering of reflections on water. Mr. Seago has had a one-man exhibition in London every year since the end of the war. His work has every appearance of giving the artist as much pleasure to execute as it gives his many admirers pleasure to look at.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

LAND, SEA AND AIR.

By PETER FORSTER.



THERE is nothing in the cinema quite like Marcel Pagnol's films about Provence. The latest of these to reach London is "Harvest" (Academy Cinema) though it was made nineteen years ago, the delay being due to some incomprehensible trouble with the censor.

So far as I can guess and calculate (for no exact specification is given) the action of "Harvest" is placed in the high Provence of the Basses-Alpes, among the arid uplands and dying hilltop villages, not far from Manosque. This is not tourist Provence: it is removed by much more than distance from the coast farther south, and those more or less stately pleasure domes of the Côte d'Azur, where Kubla Khan and Aly Khan join hands in spirit across the centuries.

Nor is "Harvest" genial and relaxed in the manner of some of the comedies ("The Well-digger's Daughter," for instance) which have done much to establish Pagnol as the modern Provençal Laureate. This tells of another, harsher Provence, often bitterly cold, where the poverty is too grinding to be picturesque and the sun may make people hard rather than mellow, a rural area of dwindling communities.

The film is concerned with one such village, deserted by all inhabitants save a huge, uncouth hunter (Gabriel Gabrio) and an aged crone (Marguerite Moreno). The latter's strategy throws in the hunter's way a deserted and destitute young singer (Orane Demazis), who in desperation has become the travelling companion of a glib opportunist knife-grinder (Fernandel). The hunter and the girl fall in love, setting up house together in the deserted village; eventually he again manages to grow wheat successfully in the nearby fields, and at the very end she reveals a condition likely to ensure another generation of harvesters.

It is all as simple as that, and as jerky, for Pagnol has never excelled at the smooth deployment of a story; his genius is for character and incident, not plot. In much the same way he has never seemed particularly interested in the art of cinematography, which is doubtless why the purists seldom mention his name in surveys of the art of the cinema. Of bizarre angles, lopsided floors and the other tricks and clichés, he is disdainful. His way is to take the best character actors, provide them with superb dialogue and situations; then, in effect, he tells them to get on with it, and photographs the result. No more does he need colour: his characters provide that in abundance.

Probably "Harvest" will never be as popular as the Pagnol comedies. There is no Raimu here, though it is amusing to find Fernandel giving so much the same performance so long ago. Yet it is a necessary part of the Master's *œuvre*, this recognition that all is not sunlight and laughter in the south, showing peasant avarice complementing peasant skill. Even so, the glorious main-spring of Pagnol's inspiration—in contrast to that of some more fashionable French film-makers—is charity. He sees his people plain, and conveys the round reality of their lives, but withal he loves them. The gradual regeneration through their happiness together of the shy, lumpish hunter and the sad little ex-singer is both beautifully observed and deeply felt.

In Pagnol's dialogue there are no wisecracks, no smart lines superimposed; what is said is always in character, though, of course, the author's genius consists in the selection and the gentle heightening of natural idiosyncrasies. In a fine phrase, Graham Greene once said of the characters in a novel, that when it came to an end they walked out of its pages and "disappeared into life." It is so with Pagnol's people.

What has often puzzled me is why Pagnol should have this kind of field so much to himself. Why have we not produced similar series of regional comedies in this country? Surely among the gnarled rustics of Gloucestershire and Somerset lie comic characters as rich as Provençal

well-diggers, needing only the perception of a Pagnol to chip them out of life into art? Our regional jokes persist in common conversational currency, which always supposes the wiliness of the Welsh and the stolidity of the Yorkshireman, yet whenever a British film offers "down-to-earth humour"

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



BRIGITTE BARDOT IN A SCENE FROM "MAM'ZELLE PICALLE," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY MICHEL J. BOISRON. (LONDON PREMIERE; LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, NOVEMBER 8.)

In making his choice Mr. Peter Forster writes: "Miss Bardot is the fashionable kitten of the moment, and one chooses her neither because she acts especially well (the fortnight has thrown up nothing in the way of really first-class acting), nor because her new film, 'Mam'zelle Picalle,' is anything more than a moderately inventive farce. One chooses her simply because she is enchantingly pretty in a distinctive, deceptively innocent-seeming way, delightfully at odds with the heavy vamps and toughies of so many other films. A famous phrase described Réjane's 'petite frimousse éveillée' (Agate translated: 'wideawake little mug') and it will serve also for Miss Bardot. She is never likely to approach Réjane's stature as an actress, but surely only the deeply unsusceptible could oppose the choice of such a delicious harbinger of spring at the onset of winter."



"AN UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL LITTLE FANTASY": "THE RED BALLOON," DIRECTED BY ALBERT LAMORISSE. THE LITTLE BOY, SEEN HERE WITH HIS TREASURED BALLOON, IS CHARMINGLY PLAYED BY LAMORISSE'S SON, PASCAL.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"HOUSE OF SECRETS" (General Release, November 19).—Complicated plot involving forgery. For those who like their American thrillers rewritten in British idiom, accents as well as jaws clipped.

"NIGHTFALL" (General Release, November 19).—For those who like their American thrillers neat, if not tidy.

"AUTUMN LEAVES" (General Release, November 19).—In which Joan Crawford would be destroyed by a lunatic husband, were she not one of the screen's Indestructibles.

this seems to mean simply some London comedian in a film about the Edwardian music-hall. In the East End our scriptwriters are perfectly at home; set them to write about the West Country, and they will merely come up with peppery majors and barmy schoolmistresses from the lumber-room of Aldwych farce.

The sort of film we do pride ourselves on being able to make is "The Battle of the River Plate" (illustrated in our issue of September 22), which was chosen for this year's Royal Film Performance. The subject was indeed eminently suitable for the occasion; it would be pleasant to report that the execution is equally worthy, but this seems to me a decidedly botched job.

The ships, at any rate, emerge as the stars. The producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, have contrived some magnificent photographs of the warships in all weathers. There is, in particular, one heart-lifting shot when, after a long introduction devoted to the *Graf Spee's* situation, somebody aboard the German pocket-battleship wonders where the British cruiser squadron may be, and we cut instantly to the famous trio, *Ajax*, *Exeter*, *Achilles*, steaming proudly at full speed across a properly azure main.

But the actual battle, when Commodore Harwood's outgunned cruisers manage to maul the German raider and bully her into Montevideo, is intensely confusing in detail. A few aerial photographs, or a brief glance at a diagram, would have helped to make the action clear. Moreover, I would add that this is not a mere landlubber's stupidity. I took the precaution of seeing the film in company with a naval friend, who was no less bemused.

Otherwise, my friend reported, technical blunders seem to have been avoided, save for the impression that John Gregson, a very young Captain Bell of H.M.S. *Exeter*, was wearing First World War medal ribbons. On the histrionic front I was bound to make further reservations. Mr. Anthony Quayle (taking, one might say, A View From Another Bridge) also surely looked far too young for Commodore Harwood, and no amount of purposeful face-pulling, which sometimes made him look strangely like Mr. Donald Wolfit, could alter the fact that this was a case of an old wig on young shoulders. But at least Mr. Quayle made fierce efforts at impersonation, whereas Mr. Ian Hunter, who has graced many a film and play, on this occasion turns in a quite remarkably wooden performance as Captain Woodhouse of *Ajax*. A gallant officer at the height of an action really should not look as though his main worry was to return the uniform spotless on Monday.

Odder still is the case of the *Graf Spee's* Captain Langsdorff, played by Peter Finch. Messrs. Powell and Pressburger opted for the notion of Langsdorff as a gentleman, full of consideration for his victims (no mention of the merchant seamen killed by the *Graf Spee*), and Mr. Finch plays him smoothly enough along these prescribed lines. It will doubtless be thought tasteless nowadays to resent that the most sympathetic character in a British war film should be a German. But I cannot understand why, committed to this line, the producers stopped short of Langsdorff's suicide in Montevideo, and so deprived Mr. Finch of a strong scene he was clearly well prepared to play.

From the big guns to the toy pistol, and it is worth noting that in the programme with "The Battle of the River Plate" is a half-hour French film, "The Red Balloon." This is an utterly delightful little fantasy made by Albert Lamorisse, and featuring his own sweet, grave-eyed little son, Pascal, about a small boy in Paris who makes friends with a red balloon, which follows him everywhere until envious other children destroy it, whereupon all the other balloons in Paris come to console him. Has this a meaning? Perhaps we are to equate the balloon with innocence. If so—and even if not—here is a trifle to delight the Jung in heart of all ages.

FROM HOGARTH TO PICASSO: VARIETY IN AN EXHIBITION AT TOOTH'S.



"FEMME ASSISE," BY PABLO PICASSO; IN THE CURRENT "RECENT ACQUISITIONS XI" EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS. PAINTED IN 1949. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 32 ins.)



"CANNES, 1940," ONE OF TWO IMPRESSIVE WATER-COLOURS IN THIS EXHIBITION BY RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953). THE SECOND IS A STILL-LIFE SUBJECT. (Water-colour; 25½ by 19½ ins.)



"LA LOGE," BY GEORGES ROUAULT, WHO WAS BORN IN 1871 IN PARIS, WHERE HE STILL LIVES. HE WAS FOR SOME YEARS APPRENTICED TO A STAINED-GLASS PAINTER. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 14 ins.)



"A BAY HUNTER IN A LANDSCAPE," A MAGNIFICENT WORK BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806). SIGNED AND DATED, 1787. (Oil on panel; 36 by 54 ins.)



ONE OF A PAIR OF CAPRICCIOS BY MICHELE MARIESCHI (1710-1743). THIS ARTIST WAS BORN TWO YEARS BEFORE GUARDI. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 28 ins.)



"L'INONDATION: BORDS DE L'EPTÉ," AN IMPORTANT PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926). (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 36½ ins.)



"UNE VACHERE TRICOTANT EN L'OMBRE D'UN BUISSON," BY J. B. C. COROT (1796-1875). PAINTED ABOUT 1845. (Oil on canvas; 25½ by 32 ins.)

There are twenty-seven works, ranging in date from Hogarth to Picasso, in the "Recent Acquisitions XI" Exhibition at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, 31, Bruton Street, which continues until December 15. The Italian School is represented by three works by Marieschi—a pair of *Capriccios* and a fine painting of Santa Maria della Salute—and a Venetian scene by G. Migliara, a later follower of Guardi. Hogarth, Stubbs and Crome represent the English School—in each case with an important and typical painting.

Modigliani and Picasso are the two Spanish artists in the exhibition. The bulk of the exhibition is devoted to French artists ranging in time from Corot to Rouault and Braque. There are two fine Degas drawings of dancers as well as an interesting pastel sketch for a larger canvas. A Boudin coast scene and a painting of the Seine at Paris by Lépine make an interesting comparison, as do the magnificent landscapes by Monet and Pissarro. "Odalisque," a powerful wash drawing by Matisse, is hanging in the passage.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is easier to describe either good or bad novels than the rare kind that hardly seem to be novels at all, in a professional sense. Of course I don't mean such works as are trying to be professional, or such as are trying for a "new form"; there are also pure-blooded, dyed-in-the-wool amateurs—a very few—writing as they like. These rare birds are apt to be women—ladies, would be a more precise term—and one of them is Canadian. The very last thing one could call "Love and Salt Water," by Ethel Wilson (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is a good story; it would make a professional's hair stand on end. First, Ellen Cuppy is a child in Vancouver. Then she is sixteen, and her mother suddenly dies. It is a complete break-up. Her father—hardly less shattered, though much of an absentee, since his vocation is oil—takes her on a freighter-voyage across the Atlantic. This voyage, widely and ironically endorsed as "the best solution," occupies a third of the book. The father fades out. Off-stage, Ellen goes through the war as a Wren. Then come "a few years," in which she breaks an engagement and works for an old oddity in Saskatoon. And finally, when she is prepared for marriage (to a suitor very much in the wings) a mishap on salt water with her little nephew briefly and idly suggests that all is lost. . . .

In fact, nothing could be less artful. But this story is not meant as an artefact. It is about life—life with its moments, ironies, elisions and interactions, and how "the circle of life is extraordinary." The narrative has no clichés nor sense of duty. Ellen's future husband is skimmed; her miserly old Mr. Platt is all there. The emphasis does not fall by rote, but may be diverted to the still-and-sliding patterns of light on a bedroom ceiling, or the habit of arbutus trees. This shift of concern is what Virginia Woolf thought proper for women writers, but she tackled it self-consciously; here it is simply the line of no resistance. The story's gait is both musical and offhand, an indescribable compound of fireside chat and violin solo. The voyage has a poetic unity of its own—and includes a storm-sequence, with Ellen's port-hole "flying across the end of the cabin like a giant monocle, followed by the dark ocean." But it may be vain to quote; casual yet happy epithets like "the peach-growing sun" are not the same out of context. The humour is even more recalcitrant. And it is a slight work—and, for that matter, uneven. Probably some readers will see nothing in it.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Newcomer," by John Sykes (Hurst and Blackett; 11s. 6d.); lies much more in the fairway of appreciation, with its neat and composed story of colour tensions. But it is also original, and what might be called high-bred. In this kind of drama, feeling both good and bad is apt to be on a depressingly vulgar level; here the magnanimity of the victim sets the tone. Joseph Mbagawa has no chip on his shoulder. He is a high chief's son, well content with his race; ready to like white people, not bothered if some are stupid about him. He had a great white friend in Uganda; and in London the shrill, venomous Aiyedummi gets on his nerves. So does the pan-African chatter at the hostel. And he decides to move to a boarding-house for peace and quiet.

Then he is in the snare: caught between a ferocious housekeeper, a Texan lodger, and his own response to an upper-class, nervously experimental white girl. The set-up is too involved to analyse. It can't fail to end in disaster—but the curious thing is that it doesn't. Joseph comes through the ordeal, not as he was before, but with his nobility and goodness unflawed. And there is no villain—not poor, maniacal Mrs. Briggs, not even the Texan crusader. They have all learnt something; and all, without distinction, are full human beings.

"Mortal Pageant," by Johan Fabricius (Heinemann; 15s.), is very adequately described as "a romance of the years of the Great Plague in Florence." The rich old merchant Giacompo Orlandini has retreated into the country with his still-buxom wife, his son, his married daughter and son-in-law, a troop of their fast young friends, and a little Venetian daughter-in-law-elect. The young ones propose to fleet their time carelessly at Quattroventi—but Death sneaks into the sanctuary. This theme has a perennial fascination; here it is amply treated, with plenty of glowing incident, and picturesque, truly period figures like the Venetian's young blackamoor. But the tale is rather slow-moving.

In "Widow's Web," by Ursula Curtiss (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), a newspaper-man named Torrant, just back from Korea, calls on his old friend Martin Fennister and Martin's new wife—only to find strangers in the house, and to learn that a year ago Martin committed suicide. Or rather, the unknown widow as good as murdered him. Torrant decides to stalk her; and what follows is a cold duel, in a cold, bleak little town in Massachusetts, with a sedate mask-like woman who is simultaneously being watched by a young girl across the road, on suspicion of a more recent murder. An ultra-expert, thoroughly elegant suspense-web, with a surprising dénouement: but completely mechanical in my judgment.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AN unusual chess event on October 31 would undoubtedly have secured widespread publicity, had not even more unusual events in Egypt stolen the headlines. British Universities played Dutch Universities by telephone on a hundred boards, winning by 564 to 434. Two wires were booked between London and Leiden continuously for some sixteen hours, from 8.45 a.m. until after midnight. A stream of chess moves, claims and analysis sizzled to and fro with hardly one minute's break throughout.

The match was split into three parts. Thirty-three games were contested from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.; then came a quick change-round at each end and thirty-four new games went through between two and seven. The remaining thirty-three started after seven. As each session ended, a team of experts (prominent among them at this end C. H. O'D. Alexander, Leonard Barden and A. Y. Green) hurled themselves on the positions reached in unfinished games which were duly adjudicated, after discussions in which we savoured for the first time the peculiar relish of telephonic chess analysis with Dutchmen. The final adjudication was completed at 12.40 on Thursday morning.

It was my privilege, as President of the British Universities' Chess Association, to welcome His Excellency Dirk Uipko Stikker, Dutch Ambassador, who made a ceremonial first move on top board to start the second session. He knew enough about chess to resist the wiles of fifth columnists who tried to delude him into believing that 1. P-KKt4 was the only move played anywhere now. Mijnheer Brat, the Dutch Consul, who also came along, confessed that he plays a game of chess almost nightly. Sir George Thomas looked in, as he always does when young players are about. Our end of the match, incidentally, was in the Council Chamber of London University's magnificent new Union (how they can expect any London University student to work any more mystifies me) and the President, Mr. Harris, the Warden, Mr. Wenden, and the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Lockwood, were all interested, and sometimes helpful, visitors.

No fewer than thirteen different Universities contributed players to our team: London, Oxford, Cambridge, Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Nottingham, Dublin, Bristol, Reading, Southampton and Leicester.

Language difficulties were met by adopting a notation neither English nor Dutch, but purely numerical. Various claims or queries which players might wish to transmit were codified well in advance and a printed list of the symbols were supplied to each player. Thus if he wished to ask "How much time have you until the next control?" he would simply write "B" by his move and this would be transmitted (in whichever direction) as "Bell." "I offer you a draw" was indicated by "D," spoken as "Divide?"; the reply to which could be "O" ("Okay"), meaning "I accept your offer of a draw," or "N" ("Nuts"), meaning "I do not." "I resign" was "K" ("Kaput").

Telephone matches can be very slow. In this, every session showed a remarkable speeding-up over its predecessor, as the army of stewards warned to their job. Few games in the first session exceeded twenty moves. In the second session, all did; in the third session, almost every game passed the thirty.

The members of the B.U.C.A.'s three-man executive, L. A. Edelstein (Oxford), E. F. F. Gillespie (Sheffield) and G. J. Martin (London), worked like Trojans; they and R. G. Wade, one of our Vice-Presidents, attended from first move to last. Unnamed, unhonoured and unsung, the stewards carried the match on their backs. I can see them now, queueing up patiently at the incoming-moves desk, dashing away to the various boards for hour after hour, picking up reply moves from our players on their return journeys. . . .

In size and scope, the match made chess history. Each of the sessions was a far bigger match in itself than any previous telephone chess match I have heard of.

THE OXFORD JUNIOR ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

I HAVE before me the answer to the generous godmother's or godfather's Christmas present problem. It is the "Oxford Junior Encyclopædia" (Oxford; Clarendon Press; 35s. each) in twelve volumes, with an Index and Ready Reference volume, (30s.) which is a complete and fascinating encyclopædia in itself. The general editors, Laura E. Salt and Robert Sinclair, have hit on the happy plan of making each volume, while a part of the whole, a self-contained part. Volume I, for instance, is on Mankind, and describes the different races which have inhabited the earth since prehistoric times, their customs and beliefs, their artefacts and pictures, cannibalism and Christian science, and the objects of their worship from Magic to Test cricket. The trouble about this, as with the other volumes, is that once having dipped into it, it is extremely difficult to put it down. I found that having read a fascinating article on Heaven, I could not resist the next chapter on Hebrew Civilisation, and thence (skipping Hebrew myths) I found myself immersed in a learned but simply told description of Hell. As with all the other volumes, this first is profusely illustrated, and Helen Mary Petter, the illustrations editor, deserves as many congratulations as the general editors.

Volume II is on Natural History, and to it I am indebted for such curious pieces of knowledge as that the tarpon is a giant herring, while the "short-headed flying phalanger" is, from its photograph, clearly a most endearing animal. But where and oh! where is our old friend the coelacanth? I imagine that this omission is due to the fact that the volume went to press before that remarkable "Old Man of the Sea" became familiar to the general public.

Volume III deals with the Universe, which the editors describe as "the vast background against which living things of every kind play their part." As the father of a family who has had, perforce, to become interested in space fiction, I am distressed to find that the author of the article on the planets is not much impressed by the Martian "canals," and points out that the warm side of the planet Mars "may experience daily changes of as much as 100 degs. C. Thus, if there is any life on the planet, it must be capable of withstanding conditions very different from those on Earth." I am glad at least he leaves that little loophole for the continued existence of my Martians.

Volume IV is Communications—by land, sea and air, by language from the "bush telegraph" to broadcasting. This will be a particularly popular volume with the male young, as the aerial side of communications is dealt with in a most satisfying manner. Indeed, I almost feel that with its aid I could land one of its pictured *Argonauts* at London Airport to-morrow. In the "History of Broadcasting," I was delighted to see the splendid picture of Dame Nellie Melba broadcasting from the Marconi station at Chelmsford on June 15, 1920.

Volume V is called "Great Lives" and, as its name implies, deals with the great men and women, good or evil, who have made their mark on history. Even in so large a volume the number has had to be cut down, but nevertheless a glance at a few pages of the "G's" reveal its scope. General Gordon, Goya, W. G. Grace, General Grant, El Greco, Gregory the Great, Greig, the composer, and Grimaldi, the clown, rub shoulders with the Brothers Grimm (of fairy-tale fame), Grotius, the philosopher, and Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North."

Volume VI is slightly more specialised, dealing with farming and fisheries, but the young farmer-to-be will find much to stimulate his interest, and the amateur gardener of any age will find those chapters of great interest too.

Volume VII deals with Industry and Commerce, and a fascinating volume it is, too, ranging from a chart of the organisation of Harrods to primitive money-making, and the history of the Trades Unions.

Volume VIII is devoted wholly to engineering and here again should prove as stimulating to the young as it is instructive to their elders.

Volume IX is on Recreations, and ranges from descriptions of the gambling dice made from the teeth of dead horses which the Vikings brought with them to this country, to "stills" from early Charlie Chaplin films.

Volume X deals with Law and Order, and includes much about the three Services. The editors have here, I think, stretched a point, as the compass of the volume is very wide indeed.

Volumes XI and XII deal with The Home and The Arts respectively. Here again, the general title of the former is stretched to include the anatomy of the skeleton, and Tisson's famous and delightful picture of "The Picnic." The "Arts" is perhaps the most satisfactory of all twelve volumes, and the range here displayed is a tribute to the ingenuity of the editors.

Finally, there is the Index volume, which, as I said earlier, is an encyclopædia in itself. The prudent boy or girl will study this carefully. It is a "must" for the harassed child faced with examinations. If only, for example, I had had the assistance of "the guide to the principal people and places in the Old and New Testaments," "divvers" could have held no terrors for me!

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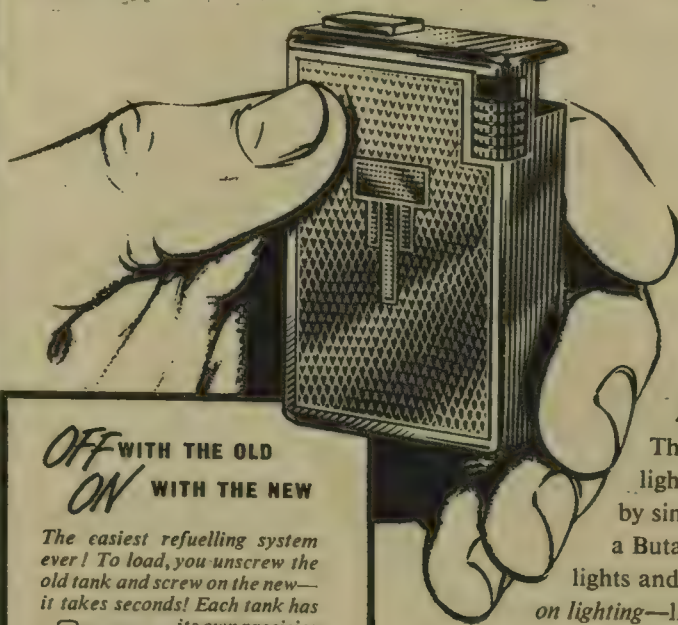
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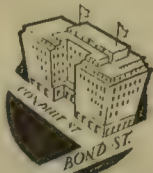
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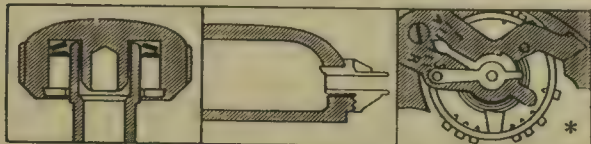
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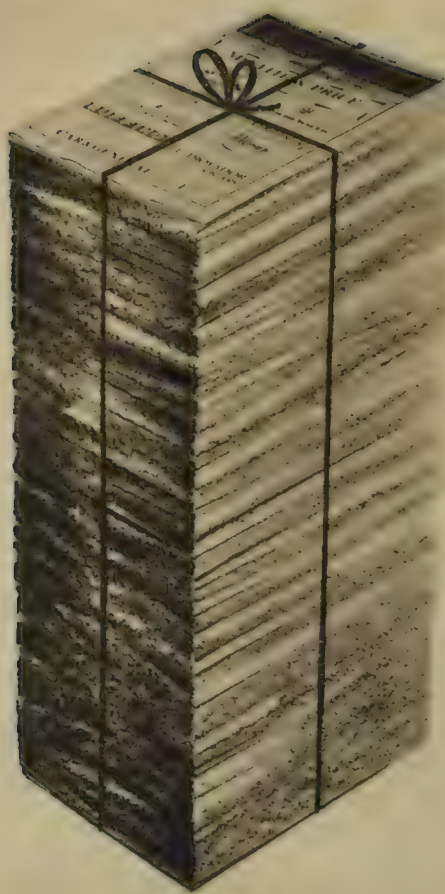
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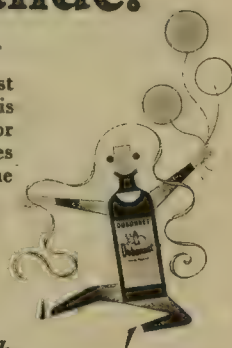
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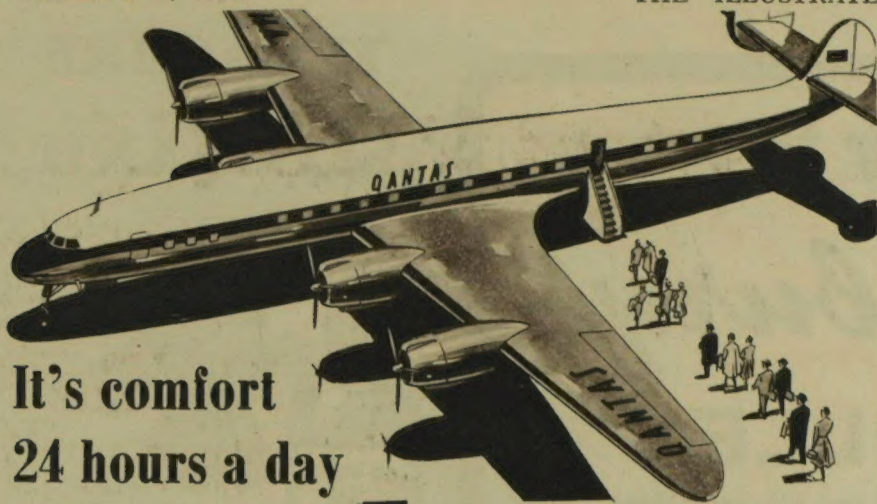
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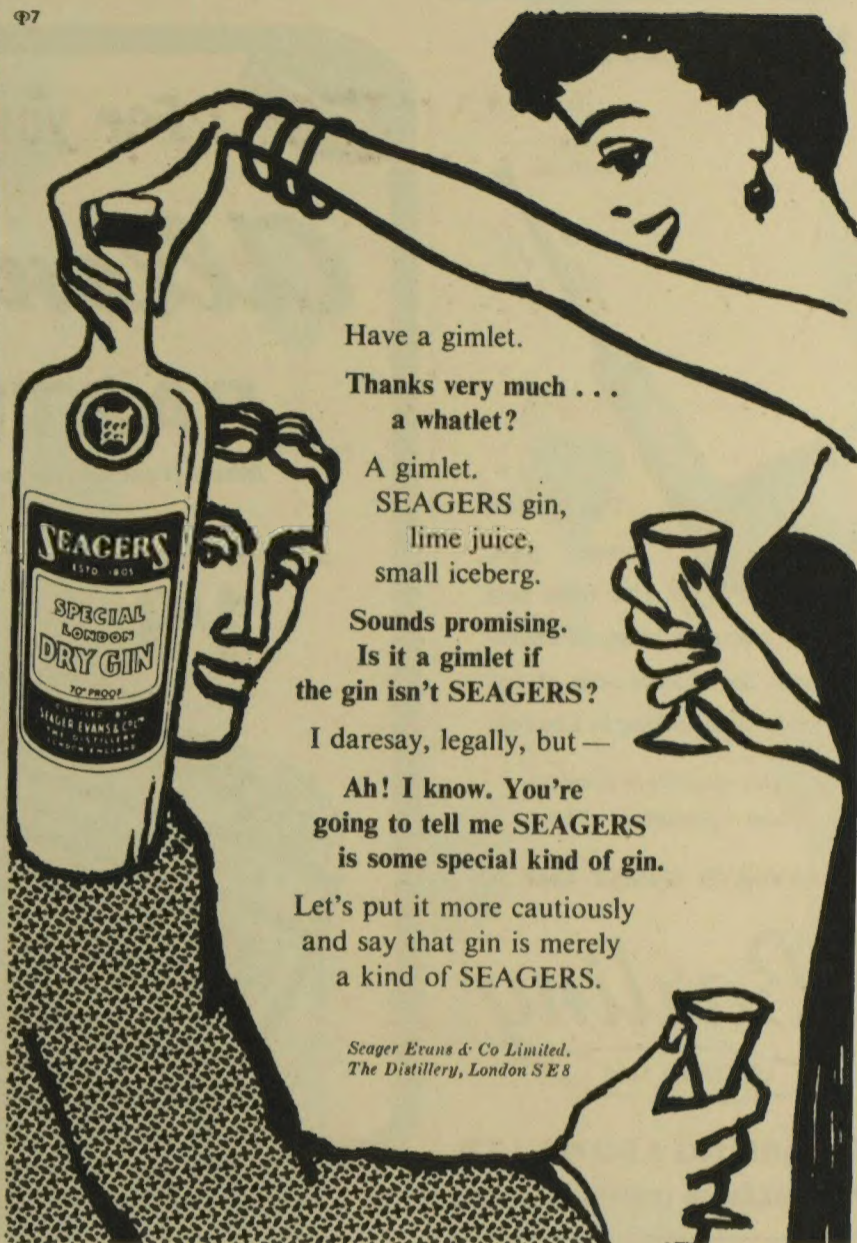
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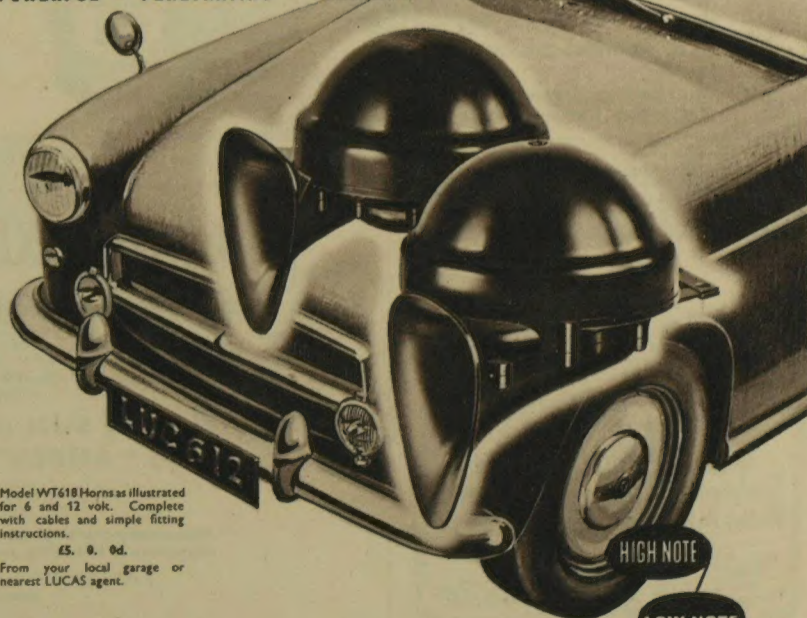
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